

Published by the Seniors of Wartburg Normal School Waverly, Iowa ARCHIVES

WARTBURG COLLEGE LIBRARY
WAVERLY, IOWA

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Even as the teacher who makes the child his study, seeing in the light of his pupil's present behavior the influences that shaped him, looks beyond the present and makes a forecast of this child's future,

So we hope in our representation of the Wartburg that is and for what it stands, you may see a glimpse of its past, and, in the light of such knowledge, obtain a suggestion of its future.









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History of Our School

The bud of a thriving and prosperous plant is unfolding. In our imagination we can already see, as the flower, the new administration building, as it will adorn Wartburg's campus in a very short time. This marks but another mile-stone in the growth and development of Wartburg.

The very germ of the present Wartburg Normal College we find in the Orphan's Home at Andrew, Iowa, when in 1879 Director Grossmann privately instructed several students there. Seeing the possibilities of this little sprout, the authorities in the same year transplanted it to Waverly, Iowa, its present location. At this time it also received the name Wartburg Teachers' Seminary, which it retained for many years. A rented house on South Water Street was the first home of this newly formed organization. Very soon, however, it was moved into the old Cedar Valley Hotel, near the Illinois Central tracks. This also was only a temporary home. In the following fall, after having donated much work and time to the cause, the thirteen students enrolled were permitted to enter a permanent home, the present Old Main. At the time it was certainly a wonderful building, and well could these few students be proud to live in it. It has faithfully served the institution all these years and will stand as a memorial of Wartburg's past when it must be abandoned for the new. Besides providing the home and classrooms for the students, Old Main housed the two professors, Director Grossmann and Professor Eichner, and their families.

In 1885 a branch, as it were, was grafted onto the stock of this growing plant, when the College department from Mendota, Ill., was moved to Waverly. Realizing the need for more room, because of the increased enrollment, a friend of the synod erected a building, half of the present North Hall, which was used as kitchen, dining hall, quarters for two professors, and classrooms. Since, however, space was still inadequate, the College department was again removed to Clinton, in 1894, and permitted to enter the new building erected there for it.

This change left Wartburg with but seven students and one teacher. Director Lutz was called in this same year and the enrollment again increased to twenty-five, including those enrolled in the evening class. It is at this time that the two permanent branches, the academic and commercial departments, were formed.

In 1905 we find a third definite branch taking form, when the Proseminary Department was added to this institution. This has grown to be one of the strong branches of the school. It serves to prepare young men for entrance into the Seminary at Dubuque.

In 1907 the institution became coeducational, thus giving women as well as men an opportunity to secure a religious training. It was as a result of this action in the following years that lady Lutheran parochial school teachers were provided.

The following figures show the gradual, yet steady increase in its enrollment:

1884 7	1910 86	1920241
1900 60	1915158	1925262

In order to meet the demands of this increase, new buildings were erected and old ones enlarged. In 1910 North Hall had to be enlarged to its present size. The second floor was used as a dormitory for boys. In 1913 the girls were permitted to enter the beautiful new Wartburg Hall. Up to this time they had roomed and boarded at various private homes in the neighborhood. In 1910 a house intended as a professor's residence was erected. It was, however, then, as at present, used to accommodate the commercial department of the school. In 1919 the boys were permitted to leave their "nigger heaven" in Old Main and their quarters in North Hall and move into the new dormitory, Grossmann Hall. The loyalty of the Alumni to their Alma Mater was shown,

when in 1920 they presented, for the use of the institution, the Wartburg Gymnasium and Auditorium. Without this building the activities of Wartburg would be harmfully restricted.

It was in this same year that a fourth branch, the Junior College department, was added to the school. This course is to provide an opportunity for students to secure the first two years of college work under religious guidance and influence. It is to guide young men and women through the dangerous period of transition from high school and academy into college and university life.

Since class room again was becoming inadequate, a portable building was erected in 1921, in which some of the larger classes meet. Recitation periods in this building merely foster the dreams of the new administration building.

Thus we behold Wartburg as it is today. In addition to the four chief branches that have been noted in the course of the development; namely, the Academic, Commercial, Proseminary and Junior College, we find also the Music Department as a separate branch of the school. Besides offering an education in any of these five courses equal to that of state schools, Wartburg offers a religious education. The problems of life and the demands of the day are met and solved from the viewpoint of a Christian.

During these forty-six years of development, four directors have served the institution; namely, Director Grossmann, Director Lutz, Director Bergstraesser and the present Director Engelbrecht. The successes of the school can certainly, to a great extent, be credited to the sacrificing and faithful service of these men. Instead of the one and two professors of the first year's existence, we now find an able faculty of eighteen members. Organizations and publications of the students, under the direction and with the help of members of the faculty, render various interesting and instructive entertainments during the school year, thus also drawing the attention of other people to the work and ideals of this school.

Everyone interested in Wartburg is with anxious anticipation looking forward to the completion of the new administration building. This will not only enable Wartburg to carry on its present work in a more satisfactory manner, but will also foster a continued growth of the institution. Above all,however, it forms the flower of a sound, thriving plant, crediting the work done in the past and urging a continuance of efforts for the welfare of Wartburg.

Wartburg's Song

There's a grand old institution, With memories so dear,
It fills our heart with gladness,
Old Wartburg without peer!
Tho' time has left its traces
On books and seats and halls,
It ne'er can banish knowledge
We gained within those walls.

Chorus:

Then be up and cheer for Wartburg, Her colors we'll defend, For her sons are staunch and sturdy, And faithful to the end.

Many years of earnest study, 'Mid scenes we love so well,

And the pranks and plots of co-eds, Or the words we fain would spell. The victories in baseball, The literary night, Oh, these were times of gladness, At Wartburg, our delight.

When the years have dimmed our eyesight, And streaked our locks with gray, If our fondest hopes have failed us, Or cares obstruct the way, Then memories of Wartburg, And dreams of former years, Will banish all our sadness And fill our hearts with cheer.

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THE WAHS - 1925





"Though round the girdled earth they roam, her spell on them remains."

THE WARSA 1925



"I do remember these scholarly men, and hereabouts they dwell."



"I love it! I love it! and who shall dare to chide me for loving that old dorm there"





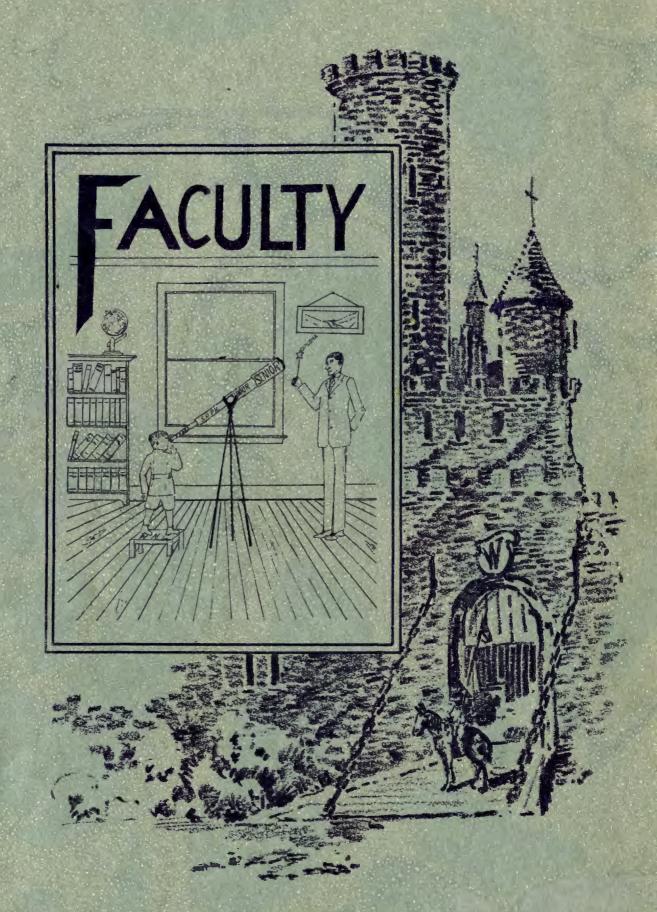


"Seenes must be beautiful, which daily viewed please daily, and whose novelty survives long knowledge and the scrutiny of years."





"Health is the vital principle of bliss, and exercise of health."







AUGUST ENGELBRECHT

President of Wartburg Normal College Professor of Methods and German Critic Teacher.

Two years Wartburg College. Three years Wartburg Teachers' Seminary and Academy.

Parochial School Teacher 1882-1890.

Professor of Wartburg Teachers' Seminary and Academy 1890-1909.

President of Wartburg Normal College since 1909.

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Greetings

As we look back to the very modest beginning of Wartburg at Waverly in 1879 and see the Wartburg of today, we indeed have reasons to be profoundly grateful to God for its progress.

Under the direction of the sainted President Grossmann the school was opened in a rented dwelling with two teachers and thirteen students, and when in 1894 the school had outgrown its quarters in the old main building, and the college department moved to its stately home at Clinton, Iowa, Wartburg at Waverly began its new period of existence with one teacher and seven students. Today its campus and buildings represent a value of approximately \$300,000, and it has a teaching staff of eighteen members and an enrollment of 262 students in its various departments.

Wartburg has again outgrown its quarters, and we are happy to announce that a new central building will be erected so that the school may properly serve the constantly increasing number of students.

As an old Wartburger I wish to extend to the host of former as well as present students and to the many friends of our school the most cordial greetings through the medium of the "Wahsa," this splendid token of our students' loyalty and cordial attachment to the dear old school.

May Wartburg, under God's guidance, continue to progress and forever remain true to the sacred cause of Christian education.

Cordially,

Engelbricht

[Page Fourteen]



OSWALD HARDWIG

Principal of Music. Instructor of Piano, Organ and Harmony.

Four years Wartburg College, Waverly, Iowa.

Teacher and Organist at St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Waverly, Iowa, 1894-1903.

Wartburg Normal College since 1903.



REV. JOHN BECKER

Principal of Proseminary Department. Professor of Religion, Greek, German, and Mediaeval and Modern History.

Six years Rectorate School, Dreihausen, Germany.

Three years Theological Seminary, Mendota, Ill.

Pastor and Parochial School Teacher, 1881-1909.

Wartburg Normal College since 1909.









ERNEST HEIST, B.Mus.

Instructor of Piano.

Wartburg College, Waverly, Iowa, 1907-1911.

Piano Pupil of the following Instructors:
Prof. O. Hardwig; Prof. J. R. Frampton; Dr. Ed. Hesselberg; Howard Wells; Jan Chiapusso.

Teacher of Piano, Wartburg Normal College, since 1911.



F. V. CULBERTSON

Principal of Commercial Department.

Arithmetic, Commercial Law, and Book-keeping.

Four years Cedar Valley Seminary.
One year Charles City Business College,
One year Gem City Business College,
Quincy, Ill.

Professor Gibson City, Ill., High School one year.

Wartburg Normal College since 1916.

FLORENCE KRUGER, B.A.

Mathematics, Home Economics.

Graduate of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1914-1918.

One year Plains, Mont., High School, 1918-1919.

Wartburg Normal College since 1919.



HARRY D. BERNETT

Teacher of Violin and Clarinet.

Eight years under C. C. Crawford. Two years under Ludwig Becker, Chicago.

Taught two years at Christian Reformed College, Grundy Center, Iowa. Private Instructor eight years.

Private Instructor eight years.
Wartburg Normal College since 1919.





REV. KARL ERMISCH, A.B., B.D., S.T.M.

Professor of Religion, German.

Graduate Real-Gymnasium, Schwerin, Germany.

Graduate Wartburg Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa.

Graduate Chicago Theological Seminary, Maywood, Ill.

Pastor of Salem Lutheran Church, St. Paul, Minn.

Summer Session at University of Minnesota.

Wartburg Normal College since 1921.



ALF. W. SWENSEN, A.B.

Director of Athletics.

Professor of Physics, Chemistry, and Algebra.

Luther College, Decorah, Iowa. Summer Sessions at University of Iowa. Wartburg Normal College since 1921.



Graduate, History and Latin.

Graduate of Wartburg College 1905. Graduate of Wartburg Seminary 1908.

· Pastor at Everly, Iowa.

Pastor at Castalia, Iowa.

Pastor at Capac, Michigan.

Pastor at Welcome, Minnesota.

Wartburg Normal College since 1922.



CARL P. LENZ, B.A.

Acting Registrar.

Iowa, 1921-1923.

Physiology, Geography, and Manual Training.

Graduate of Iowa State Teachers' College, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Graduate Work in Iowa State College. Graduate Work in University of Iowa. Superintendent of Schools in Geneva,

Wartburg Normal College since 1923.





CECILE CRANDALL, B.A., M.A.

College Department, English, Education.

Taught High School at Palmyra, Wisconsin.

Taught High School at Watertown, Wisconsin.

Taught High School at Colfax, Washington.

Critic Teacher in State Normal College 1923.

Wartburg Normal College since 1923.



LENORE J. THOMPSON, B.A.

Graduate of Baker University, Kansas. Taught High School at Erie, Kansas. Wartburg Normal College since 1923.

MAGDALENE K. GUETZLAFF

Girls' Athletic Coach.

Librarian, Geometry, Preparatory Classes.

Graduate of Teachers' College, Mankato, Minn.

Two summer sessions University of Minnesota.

Four years grade teaching, Ceylon, Minnesota.

Two years Superintendent Public School, Avoca, Minnesota.



MARTIN HEYDE

Private Teacher, Waterloo, Iowa; Chorus Director of four church choirs in Waterloo.

Professor of Voice at Wartburg Normal College, Waverly, Iowa.

Formerly with the Grand Opera Company, Leipzig.

Guestsinger at the Opera, Berlin; Artist of "Vox" Records.

Toured in Concerts in Germany, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, Russia.

Studied voice in Germany and Italy. Came to America September 1923. Wartburg Normal College since 1924.





REV. PROF. R. LECHNER, B.A., M.A.

Latin, History, English, German.

Graduate of Wartburg College, Clinton, Iowa.

Graduate of Wartburg Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa.

Pastor of Bethlehem Lutheran Church, St. Paul, Minn.

Graduate School of University of Michi-

gan, Ann Arbor.
Pastor St. John's Lutheran Church,
Raymond, Minn.

Taught M. L. Academy, Sterling, Neb., 1922-1924.

Graduate Summer Sessions at School of University of Maine, 1922-23-24.

Wartburg Normal College since 1924.



ROBERT MORTVEDT, B.A.

glish, Public Speaking, Economics, Civics. English, History

Preceptor.

Graduate of St. Olaf's College 1924. Wartburg Normal College since 1924.



ALMA NEIL, B.C.S.

Shorthand, Typewriting, Business English.

Highland Park College, Des Moines.
Gregg School, Chicago, Illinois.
Wartburg Normal College 1917-1920.
Boone High School.
Omaha Business School.
Wartburg Normal College since 1924.



FRIEDA RIGGERS

Secretary to President since 1923.



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MRS. EMMA BREDOW
Stewardess of Boys' Dormitory since 1920.



MRS. MARY RIGGERS

Matron of Wartburg Hall since 1923.



Teaching, As a Teacher Sees It

Class rooms are the greatest moulding centers in America. Into them are poured, as it were, the most varied and discordant of elements. Out of them come educated young men and women. Are the products of our class rooms all of the same cast or mould, as like as boxes from a box factory? If so, our schools have failed in their greatest purpose! America, or the world at large, does not want men and women who are just alike. Civilization is a long, anxious search for people who are different—for men and women who see things, not in the drab colors of what they are, but in the alluring shades of what they can be. Such men and women realize that we do not want mere men, but that we want what men can do in the service of truth and right!

It is in this connection that the instructor finds his opportunity. To be sure, he admires his students for what they are; but his deepest satisfaction comes from showing them what they can be. His constant problem is to educate the mind in terms of historical facts or algebraic equations, while at the same time he instills into their hearts those deep-seated spiritual concepts that determine the course of a life. A teacher who educates the mind but not the heart commits a wrong. An instructor who builds purely on a material basis, when the greatest truths of life are spiritual, violates a trust

When teachers leave their class rooms, their contribution, to a large extent, has been made. If the expenditure of their personalities failed to leave its impress, then these few words can avail little. It is with the thought, however, that in later years when these words are read, they will recall the "little unremembered" things that may have meant so much, that a few of the faculty motifs are summarized.

In the first place, anything of an abiding worth must be constructed upon a sound moral foundation. It is only when we can resist the powers of evil that we can build "that grand structure called character." Secondly, we must get a noble dissatisfaction with self, a dissatisfaction which constantly tells us that we are not even approaching the image of our Maker. Where there is no discontent, there can be no progress. Self-complacency is one of the worst curses that can fall upon a man. Next to selfcomplacency comes smallness of vision. We need men and women who see things in their proper perspective, who take the long-range view. We need those daring souls who gladly scale the heights or explore the valleys that they may see life as it is. The reason why we are so small is because we see things in the small; we are afraid of greatness! Fourth, we need the true scholar's attitude-doing a thing, not because we must, but because we love to do it. It is only when we get this view that life ceases to be drudgery, and becomes service. Then, too, we need an infinite capacity for hard work, not an aptitude for putting in time. We need earnestness, undiluted, unfeigned, untinctured with deceit. We need reactions, those lightning flashes of insight and understanding that penetrate to the core. The mind that fails to respond must soon grow sluggish; the mind that reacts exercises itself into strength.

Education is preparation; but education that is preparation and not living is a sham. True education must be throbbing reality. Fling yourselves into your education; live life to the brim. With prospects for a greater Wartburg we grow enthusiastic, for that means greater facilities and better opportunities. But we must not forget that the latter entail larger responsibilities. The world will be little better for a wartburg that reaches a thousand students instead of two hundred unless it has a greater and better message to give. Our duty as students and teachers is "to study had, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly"—in a word to make that message great.

THE WARSA 1925





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Rev. L. Westenberger, Secretary
Prof. August Engelbrecht, Treasurer

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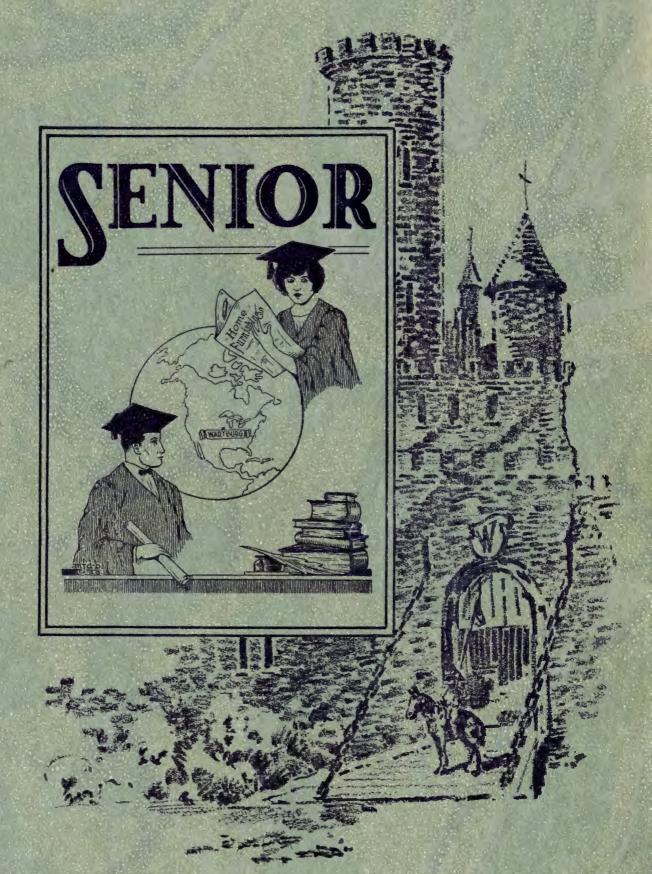
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Rev. E. J. Braulick

Rev. W. J. F. Adix

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FRIEDA SCHMIDT "Fritz"

ACADEMY

President Senior Class. Missionary, Treasurer. Basketball. Glee Club. Echo Staff. Annual Staff.

"Y' ought to hyeah dat gal a-warblin'; Robins heish de mauffs an' hides dey faces when Malindy sings."

MARGARET E. KEHE "Mar"

COMMERCIAL

Waverly, Iowa

Class Secretary and Treasurer. Athenian. Annual Staff.

"She looks as clear as morning roses newly washed with dew."



Officers

Frieda Schmidt, President
Marie Beneke, Vice President
Margaret Kehe, Secretary-Treasurer

Motto

"Build for character, not for fame"

Colors

Purple and White

Flower

Sweet Pea

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SIEGFRIED C. SIEFKES "Sike" PROSEMINARY

Allison, Iowa

Missionary. Chorus.
Annual Staff.
Mens' Glee Club, President.

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease, In him alone 'twas natural to please."

IRMA KARSTEN

COLLEGE

Correctionville, Iowa

Missionary.
Glee Club.
Chorus.
Annual Staff.
Declamatory Contest.

"Aldeborontephascaphornio!
Where left you chrononhotonthologes?"

HERBERT C. ENGELBRECHT

"Herbie" ACADEMY

Waverly, Iowa

Orchestra. Athenian, Secretary. Echo Staff. Annual Staff.

"Learning by study must be won; "Twas ne'er entailed from son to son."

ERIKA ERMISCH

ACADEMY

Waverly, Iowa

Missionary. Athenian. Echo Staff. Annual Staff.

"A gentler eye, a voice more kind, We may not look on earth to find."

ROBERT AHRENS "Bob"

PROSEMINARY

Alvord, Town

Missionary. Echo Staff.
Annual Staff.

"The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known,"

CARL BOEBEL

PROSEMINARY

Boscobel, Wisconsin

Missionary. Missionary.
Athenian.
Annual Staff.
Chorus.
Orchestra.
Football.
Basketball.
Oratorical Contest.

"I know thee for a man of many thoughts."

MARIE HUNDT

ACADEMY

Boyden, Iowa

Concordia, President. Missionary. Chorus. Gles Club.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

HENRY SEEHUSEN "Susie" ACADEMY Monticello, Iowa

"To laugh is proper to the man."

ANNA HINRICHS

ACADEMY

Pocahontas, Iowa

Missionary.

"The gentle fair in witty strain replies Whilst gay-nature sparkles in her eyes."

ERICH DORNBUSCH

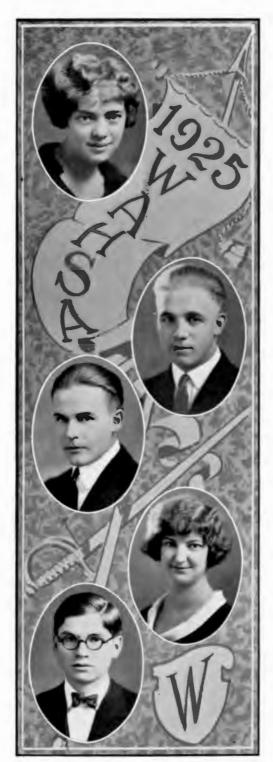
PROSEMINARY

Waverly, Iowa

Chorus Missionary.

"Every man has his fault, and honesty is his."





EDNA HUTCHINSON "Putch" COMMERCIAL Waverly, Iowa

Athenian. Glee Club.

"If to her share some female errors fall, Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

WILLIAM FOEGE "Bill"

PROSEMINARY

Hull, Iowa

Missionary. Concordia.

Mens' Glee Club.
Chorus.
Annual Staff.

"He bears an honorable mind."

CARL BAUMGARTNER "Carley"

COMMERCIAL Strawberry Point, Iowa

Orchestra. Athenian. Annual Staff.

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls With vassals and serfs at my side."

IGNACIA OEHLWEIN

ACADEMY

Waverly, Iowa

Concordia.

"And if she will, she will, you may depend

on't;
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

WILLIAM BECKER "Bill"

ACADEMY

Waverly, lowa

Men's Glee Club.

"Yet still he wore his placid smile, Walked calmly on to school awhile."

WILLIAM ADIX "Bill"

PROSEMINARY LaPorte City, Iowa

President Student Body. Student Council. Annual Staff. Echo Staff, Ed. '24. Missionary. Athenian. Orchestra. Men's Glee Club. Basketball. Oratorical Contest.

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

LOUISE STAVE "Louie"

ACADEMY

Talmadge, Nebraska

Missionary. Chorus. Basketball. Glee Club.

"When griping griefs the heart doth wound, Then music, with speedy help doth lend redress."

FRED GOETZE "Dad"

PROSEMINARY

Peoria, Illinois

Missionary. Athenian. Annual Staff. Men's Glee Club.

"Up! Up! my friend, and quit your books, Why all this toil and trouble?"

EDITH ARMSTRONG

COMMERCIAL

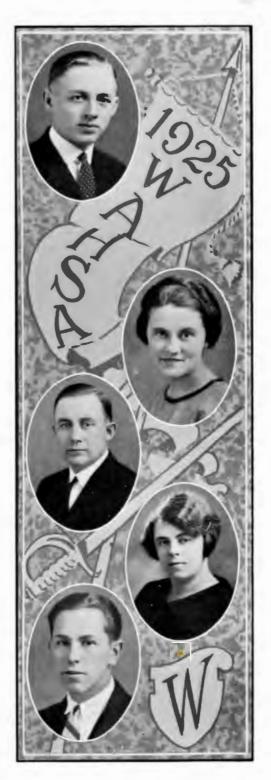
Waverly, Iowa

"Then let me try with all my might To mind what I am taught."

CLARENCE CARSTENSEN "Speed" COMMERCIAL Waverly, Iowa

Football.

"A proper man, as one shall see on a summer's day."





ARTHUR KOEHLER "Runt" COMMERCIAL Sumner, Iowa

Athenian. Annual Staff.

"This world that we're a-livin' in, Is mighty hard to beat; There's a thorn for every rose, But ain't the roses sweet!"

MARIE HAEFNER

COLLEGE

Muscatine, Iowa

Missionary, Secretary. Senior, Wartburg Hall. Annual Staff.

"She often burns the midnight oil."

PAUL DETTMER

PROSEMINARY

Fredericksburg, Iowa

Football. Basketball. Baseball.

"So came the Captain with the mighty heart."

LUCILE SHEPARD "Shep"

COMMERCIAL

Waverly, Iowa

Glee Club. Athenian. Annual Staff.

"Oh gentlemen, the time of life is short!" (

WILLIAM COMNICK "Bill"

ACADEMY Westbrook, Minnepotal "Loathing pretense, he did with cheerful will What others talked of, while their hands were still."

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RUTH WOODRUFF

COMMERCIAL

Waverly, Iowa

Glee Club. Athenian. Basketball.

"A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a'."

PAUL MEYER

ACADEMY

Readlyn, Iowa

Athenian. Orchestra.

"Deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drown my book."

DICK BABCOCK "Dobbin" COMMERCIAL Way

Waverly, Iowa

Football. Annual Staff.

"Oh, this learning, what a thing it is!"

ELDA WESTENDORF

COMMERCIAL

Waverly, Iowa

Athenian.

"You can tell her by her smiles For miles and miles and miles and miles."

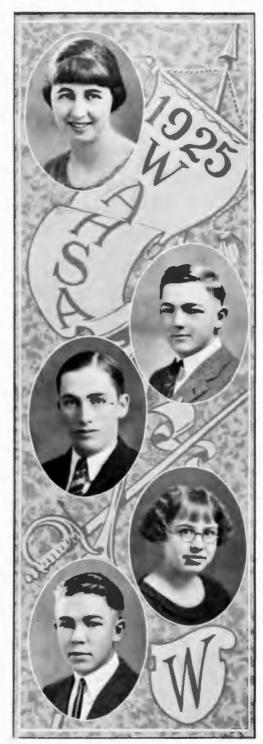
PAUL MOELLER "Goof"

PROSEMINARY

Readlyn, Iowa

Basetball
Orchestra.
Echo Staff, Ed.

"He puts himself upon his good behavior."



[Page Thirty-five]



HENRY FOEGE

PROSEMINARY

Hull, Iowa

Missionary, President. Concordia. Glee Club. Chorus.

"For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed As by his manners."

ESTHER ERMISCH

ACADEMY

Waverly, Iowa

Missionary. Chorus. Annual Staff.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired, Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired."

FRANK WASKOW "Frank" COMMERCIAL Sumne

Sumner, Iowa

Athenian. Annual Staff.

"There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming."

CLARA E. HERBST

COMMERCIAL New Richland, Minn.

Glee Club.
Athenian.
Annual Staff.
Declamatory Contest.
"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies."

MARTIN SCHROEDER

COMMERCIAL

St. Ansgut Jowa

Missionary. Athenian. Football.

"Of my merit On thet p'int you yourself may jedge."

CLARA MEYNE

COMMERCIAL

Waverly, Iowa

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

LAWRENCE STUMME

ACADEMY

Denver, Iowa

Athenian. Echo Staff. Annual Staff. Basketball. Football. Baseball.

"I am no proud Jack like Falstaff; but a lad of mettle, a good boy."

ROSELLA MAHNKE

COMMERCIAL

Waverly, Iowa

"A creature not too bright or good For human nature's daily food."

WALTER DETTMER "Zeke" Fredericksburg, Iowa COMMERCIAL

Baseball.

"A gentleman of leisure Who goes strolling out for pleasure."

ROSA KROEGER

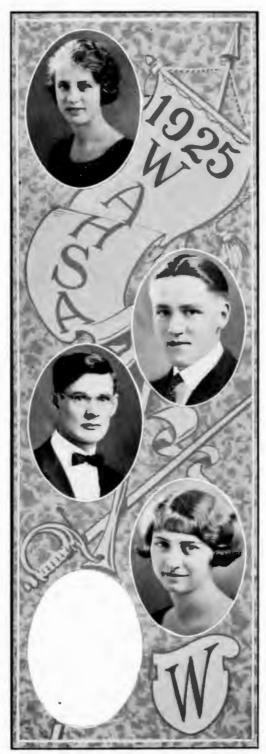
COMMERCIAL

Dysart, Iowa

Athenian.

"Youth is full of sport, and I am young."





GERTRUDE NOLTING "Dottie"

Waverly, Iowa COMMERCIAL

Missionary. Athenian. Echo Staff. Annual Staff.

"Blessed with all requisites to please."

HEROLD ADIX

ACADEMY

LaPorte City, Iowa

Missionary.

Missionary.
Orchestra.
Baseball.
Tennis Manager.
Annual Staff.
"The general voice sounds him for courtesy, behavior, language, and every fair demeanor, an example."

EDWARD SORGENFREI

PROSEMINARY

Toledo, Ohio

Missionary.
Men's Glee Club.
Chorus.
Concordia.
Annual Staff.

"Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth."

MARIE BENEKE "Benny"

ACADEMY

Palmer, Iowa

Class Vice President.
Basketball.
Echo Staff.
Annual Staff.
"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on, too."



EMANUEL FUCHS

PROSEMINARY

Gillett, Wisconsin

Missionary. Chorus. Men's Glee Club. Orchestra. Echo Staff. Annual Staff.

"Friend, you seem thoughtful."

MARION KNOTT

COMMERCIAL

Waverly, Iowa

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

BERTHA HAMBLIN "Bert" COMMERCIAL Waverly, Iowa

"Happy am I, from care I'm free! Why aren't they all contented like me?"

DOROTHY DETTMER "Mah Jong" COMMERCIAL Waverly, Iowa

"When other girls you would pass by, This one would surely catch your eye."

JOHN JANSSEN

PROSEMINARY

Monticello, Iowa

Missionary. Concordia, Presiednt. Chorus.

"Formed on the good old plan.
A true and brave and downright honest man."

LYDIA KRUSE

COMMERCIAL

Boyden, Iowa

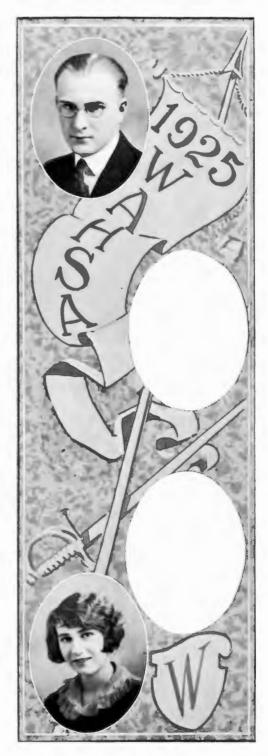
Glee Club.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

ALMA SCHIEFELBEIN "Shingle" COMMERCIAL Waverly, Iowa

Athenian, Vice President. Glee Club. Declamatory Contest.

The joy of youth and health her eyes dis-played, And ease of heart her every look conveyed."



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Senior Class History

We, the Senior class of 1925, met on the Wartburg Campus, September 13, 1922. The class then numbered fourteen members, all of whom were anxious to climb the rough and rugged mountain known as the Mountain of Learning. From the foothills we viewed the great mountain before us with its four great cliffs in an ascending order. The first of these was called Cliff Freshman, the next, Cliff Sophomore. The third, quite high and precipitous, was called Cliff Junior. The next cliff was so steep and so high and so long that it seemed almost impossible that we should ever be able to ascend it. This was called Cliff Senior. Above this cliff we could see the very summit of the mountain, which was far above the tree line. The peak was covered with snow, and the bright sun shining on it made it look like a kingly crown beset with sparkling diamonds. This point of the mountain was called Diploma.

After having gazed at the huge mountain for some time, we began to climb the green and mossy side of Cliff Freshman. We thought that we could scale this beautiful cliff with little difficulty, but we soon discovered that it really was hard work. It took nine months of steady climbing to gain the top, and we were so utterly exhausted that we felt it necessary to take a three months' rest.

When, after three months of recuperation we again assembled to continue our climb, we found that fourteen new climbers, known as Prosems, had enlisted. We gladly took them into our company and again began the upward course, finding the second cliff much more difficult than the first. Frequently we were attacked by the most deadly of all mountain beasts, called "Tests," or by the mighty talons of the great birds called "Exams." Since we ascended, the air constantly became lighter, several of our party were forced to turn back. But we were not discouraged, and at the end of two hundred and seven days of laboring we gained the top. Again we were so exhausted by the laborious task of scaling the cliff, that another rest was required before we were able to begin the ascent of Cliff Junior.

Then, after a seemingly short interval of vacation, we were awakened and asked to resume our journey. This time we found awaiting us twenty-one new recruits who were immediately welcomed to our ranks. On Cliff Junior we found that there was no clearly outlined trail to follow, which, of course, made the climbing almost impossible, but always the gorgeous splendor of the summit revived our fast tiring spirits and we kept doggedly on. As we passed over numerous rocky passes and trails, our footwear naturally suffered, and we visited the famous Cinderella Factory in order to get a new supply. Having made all necessary purchases, we continued on our way, and after thirty-six weeks of laboring we reached the top, only to see one more cliff even more barren and desolate confronting us.

Because we had worked so hard and faithfully we were in dire need of relaxation, and began our last period of rest and comfort. Then, after the passing of twelve weeks, we heard the bugle sounded and assembled once more. We found that several of our number had been forced to forsake us, but that others had come in their stead. It was a happy group of fifty-four who started out on the hazardous journey. To climb those steep and rocky places proved to be an extremely difficult task. Always onward, onward, onward! had become our slogan. Now there was nothing to terrify us and nothing that could stop us, for the crown of diamonds was drawing us steadily on. After two semesters of floundering on the precipitous rocks and crags, we reached the top. Oh, how glad we were! At last we had gained the victory.

Only a few more days were required before we reached the summit, for now trail was smooth and level. Upon reaching it we were granted a Diploma, the medal of bravery and endurance. Now we were accredited climbers, and were sent out to journey on the mountain of life whose summit is Success.

WAHSA SEYNIX

Waverly, Iowa, Nov. 4, 1956

COMNICK ELECTED PRESIDENT

Former Wartburger Chosen for Nation's
Highest Place — Henry Foege
Vice President

Washington, D. C., November 4.

William Comnick was officially announced as elected for the presidency after the electoral votes had been counted at 2:61 today.

Mr. Comnick, a former student of Wartburg, had his life's hope realized when he was elected to this high position of honor and authority. While at Wartburg, he plainly showed his ability in leadership, always standing at the head of his class. His charming personality played no small part in procuring for him the presidency of the United States. Although Mr. Comnick is a Socialist, we believe that his principles are not so radical as are those of his political friends, and that he will lead the country back to normalcy.

Miss Marie Haefner, who had been senator from Iowa, was appointed by Mr. Comnick as his campaign manager. Her ability to organize the Socialist party into one solid mass for Mr. Comnick, who ran on the Socialist ticket, is a work for which Mr. Comnick must be deeply indebted to her.

Henry Foege, his running mate, also a former Wartburger, will hold the office of Vice President.

The President has already chosen his private secretary, Miss Gertrude Nolting. She will undoubtedly expend all her efforts in making the burdens of the President lighter.

FAMOUS PEOPLE COMMENT ON ELECTION RESULTS

Miss Crandall: "Well, wouldn't that beat you!"

Henry Seehusen: "I always knew Bill would become President."

Walter Dettmer: "Wonder what he's going to be next."

Frieda Schmidt: "Now I know why he studied Civics so hard!"

PROBABLE CABINET SELECTIONS ANNOUNCED

In all probability the following will serve in these specific capacities, as they have received honorable mention from the President:

Secretary of State: Herbert Engelbrecht. Because of his keenness in diplomatic affairs, Mr. Engelbrecht is looked upon as a prudent selection for this office.

Attorney-General: William Becker, a gentleman who is noted for his ability to carry on red-hot arguments.

Postmaster-General: Walter Dettmer, because of his faithfulness in delivering the goods, should prove a wise selection.

Secretary of War: Marie Beneke.

Who will be honored by the other appointments is as yet a mystery, but in all probabilty all Cabinet positions will be filled in the near future.

BANQUET GIVEN IN HONOR OF NEW DIRECTOR OF W. N. C.

Waverly, Iowa, November 4.

A banquet was given last evening in honor of Professor Paul Moeller, who was appointed to serve in the capacity of Di-

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WAHSA SEYNIX

rector of Wartburg Normal College. The appointment was conferred upon him September 31, at the executive board meeting. Mr. Moeller is indeed worthy of the praise that has been showered upon him since his appointment and will without doubt admirably fill this position of responsibility.

The banquet was held in the spacious auditorium of the "New Main." The tables were richly decorated in the school colors. All alumni and students of Wartburg were invited and many were present on this extraordinary occasion. Professor Paul Dettmer, another member of the faculty, was toastmaster; due credit must be given him for making the banquet enjoyable for everyone. Director Moeller made an impressive speech, thanking the guests for their many congratulations and best wishes, and asking all for their support and co-operation in his work.

The principal speaker of the evening was Mr. Henry Seehusen, who, although famous, still keeps his nickname "Susie." He has developed into the greatest lecturer since the days of "Bill Bryan." His subject was "Strive On," which he expanded by commenting on Mr. Moeller's wonderful advancement.

Miss Rosa Kroeger, accompanied by Mr. Martin Schroeder, gave several vocal selections, which were indeed worthy of praise. The banquet was fittingly closed by the singing of the school song.

FORMER WARTBURGER GIVEN POET-LAUREATE POST

London, November 3.

Mr. John Janssen, former Waverly man, was appointed to the position of poet-laureate by the crowned head of England. This honor, though a gratification, is not a surprise to the friends of Mr. Janssen, for he early showed his talent, even in his student days at Wartburg. His love poems were the wonder and admiration of all who read them, especially of those who knew him. Announcement of his appointment was made yesterday by the king's private secretary, Marie Hundt.

GREENPATH CHAUTAUQUA COM-PANY TO MAKE ITS APPEARANCE Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Greenpath Chautaugua Company will give their first program Thursday evening, November 22, at the Takitin Theater in Minneapolis. The success of this Company in the past year may be attributed in large part to Mr. Herold Adix, Manager. The program of the first evening will consist of musical numbers. Miss Frieda Schmidt, contralto singer, will feature on this evening. Miss Ignacia Oelwein, B.Mus., MS., S.O.S., etc., will preside at the piano. Indisputable proof of Miss Oelwein's genius is her absent-mindedness. She has become so absorbed in music that practical matters are totally neglected by her. She is fortunate in having a faithful friend, Miss Esther Ermisch, who accompanies Miss Oelwein on her travels. Miss Ermisch sees to it that Miss Oelwein takes her rest at night and her food by day, and [takes care] that her hair is combed and curled before her appearance on the stage.

TO CLIMB NORTH POLE

Dick Babcock will lead an expedition to the North Pole this week. Mr. Babcock has been there before and has succeeded in climbing the Pole to the 150 foot mark. He expects to exceed this mark in his next attempt.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

A marriage license was issued to Carl Baumgartner and Clara Herbst today.

WARTBURG MAN TO MARRY MOVIE STAR

Lawrence Stumme, manager of a musical comedy, last week announced his engagement to one of the stars of the company. People have long wondered when he would decide which one of the stars he liked best.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

U. S. Champion Skaters, Miss Edith Armstrong and Mr. Edward Sorgenfrei, will leave for Switzerland soon, where they are to compete with other National Champions.

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WAHSA SEYNIX

STAR BASKETBALL TEAM

The Tri-City Girls' Basketball Team has won every game of the season. They are to be congratulated upon having Miss Bertha Hamblin as their coach.

BEAUTY SECRETS By IRMA KARSTEN

- 1. Don't use rouge, powder, nor lip-stick.
- 2. Use Angel Dainty Dye for dyeing hair.
 - 3. To prevent freckles—sit in the sun.
- 4. To retain sparkling eyes-keep late hours.

SCREEN NEWS

State Theater, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A program will be given by the Wartburg Alumni Association, December 12. Among the hundred members who will take part are Mr. Erich Dornbusch, who takes the leading part in "Hamlet," and Miss Clara Meyne, who will play as Lady Macbeth in "Macbeth."

CLERGYMEN'S COLUMN

Rev. Goetze's sermon, which he delivered at Newark, New Jersey, was heard over radio, the broadcasting being done at Station WAR.

Word has been received that Rev. Fuchs will sail for the Missionary Field in New Guinea next month on the steamship "Hilda."

Rev. Siegfried Siefkes has accepted a call to St. John's Lutheran Church of St. Paul, Minnesota. Miss Erika Ermisch is Sunday School Superintendent for Rev. Siefkes; Mr. William Foege, the organist.

Miss Louise Stave played several selections on the organ in the church at Trenton, New Jersey, as a part of the service when her husband was ordained. Naturally, Miss Stave has changed her name.

ADVERTISEMENT—"Let my taxi take you to the station." Ruth Woodruff.

LOST—A fountain-pen by a young man full of ink. Finder please return to Frank Waskow.

BRIEFS

Mr. William Adix, governor of Illinois, left Friday for St. Louis, to attend the Annual Convention of Governors.

Miss Lucile Shepard has returned to her home at Waverly, after traveling abroad for several months doing research work in connection with her study of ancient history.

Edna Hutchinson, superintendent of nurses of the General Hospital of Iowa City, left Friday for Pasadena, California, for an extended vacation.

At the last election of officers in Cranford, Lydia Kruse was elected mayoress; Rosella Mahnke, councilwoman; Elda Westendorf, police-woman, and Marian Knott, traffic cop. It need scarcely be said that Cranford believes in woman suffrage.

Mr. Clarence Carstensen, greatest lecturer and educator of his time, will speak in Wartburg Auditorium tonight.

Word was recently received from Carl Boebel, U. S. Senator from Wisconsin, that he had just called upon his classmate Paul Meyer of Milwaukee, who is at present industriously working on his latest cartoon. He is the only rival of Briggs.

LATEST BOOKS ON THE MARKET

Arthur Koehler has acquired much fame as an author by his book, "How to Get the Skin You Love to Touch." Hearty congratulations!

Miss Margaret Kehe has just published a book full of suggestions for commercial students. It is expected that all colleges will use Miss Kehe's "Speed and Efficiency" as a text-book for typewriting.

Alma Schiefelbein, member of the Girls' Bachelor Club, walked 115 miles to fill a speaking engagement rather than ride on a train operated by men.

CIRCUS COMING!

The Ahrens Circus Co. coming. Save your pennies.



The Last Will and Testament of the Class '25

Be it known, that we, the Class of 1925 of the Wartburg Normal College, of the city of Waverly, located in Bremer County, State of Iowa, being of a sound mind and memory, do pronounce this to be our last will and testament of which we do appoint as executor Fred Heinecken with the assurance that Mr. Heinecken will carry out these our wishes without fault or fail.

We as a class, bequeath our possessions in common as follows:

*To the Faculty: Our gratitude for piloting us safely from the stormy seas of ignorance to the haven of wisdom.

To the Juniors: A copy of our latest publication, "How to Study 1925 Seniors as Models of Perfection."

To the Sophomores: Our superiority and perfect grades.

To the Freshmen: Permission to reflect our brightness even as the stars reflect the brightness of the sun.

To the "Preps": A word of encouragement.

To the city of Waverly: A portion of our Class fund for replacing the cement we wore from the sidewalks during our sojourn here.

To the Cooks: Our thanks for so well satisfying our varied tastes and wants.

To our Matron and Preceptor: Our discarded copies of "Rules and Regulations."

To our Mail Carriers: Our cancelled postage-stamps.

We as individual members of the Class of 1925 do bequeath our most personal, treasured, and distinguishing belongings and possessions, to wit:

Ruth Woodruff: My service as a chauffeur to "A Junior."

Elda Westendorf: My smile to The Pepsodent Company.

Frank Waskow: My ability for making up excuses to Herbert Meisgeier.

Lawrence Stumme: My copyright of "By Cracky" to Helen Ottersberg; my idea of a bachelor's life to Arnold Ihrig.

Louise Stave: My appreciation of good music to Gus. Klickmann.

Edward Sorgenfrei: My Jacksonian individuality to Arthur Finkbeiner; my phrase, "The complexity of the situation is entirely too copious for the dominion of my comprehension" to a Freshman.

Siegfried Sieikes: My ministerial walk to Richard Steege, my pressing iron to my successor.

Lucile Shepard: My uncompromising will to Ernest Engel.

Henry Seehusen: My ball-bearing tongue to Lila Bohling, my self-confidence to a Freshie.

Martin Schroeder: My shorthand notes to anyone who can read them.

Frieda Schmidt: My perseverance to Martin Bredow, my left-handed penmanship to Frieda Meisgeier.

Alma Schiefelbein: My screams to Werner Borcherding, my regard for others to Elsie Glassnapp.

Ignacia Oehlwein: My hairdress to Elsie Hinrichs and my honorable title of "Miss" to Dorothy Korn.

Gertrude Nolting: My non-skid glasses to the "Eye of the Athenian," my uncritical belief to Oswald Hardwig.



Paul Moehller: My position as Editor-in-Chief of the Echo to Gustav Buls, my natural wave to Minnie Wiegert.

Clara Meyne: My hair and height to Meta Bodeker, my "greene" man to Hattie DeBower.

Paul Meyer: My qualifications for a position as German professor to Carl Knollman.

Rosella Mahnke: My color schemes to the Easter Rabbit.

Lydia Kruse: My studiousness and my quietness in company to Frances Koehn.

Rosa Kroeger: My made-to-order blushes to Frieda Ottersberg.

Arthur Koehler: My "Sta-Comb" and good social standing to Frank Wetzel.

Marion Knott: My studies of "Art" to Erna Goes.

Margaret Kehe: My ambition as a Senior to Lester Engelke.

Irma Karsten: My pocket dictionary to Dorthy Eilts and unused powder puff to Olga Henkel.

John Janssen: My "Home Comfort Tobacco" wrappers to Emil Roloff and my poetical talent to Walter Reinsch.

Edna Hutchinson: My inventive mind to Herman Wolfgram.

Marie Hundt: My determination and my good grades to John Gemaehlich.

Anna Hinrichs: My shrill laugh and voice to Bertha Bohling, my cheerfulness to Alvin Richter.

Clara Herbst: My natural blushes to Marie Reyelts, my faultless German to Carl Becker.

Bertha Hamblin: My temper to Wayne Acken.

Marie Haefner: My position as Senior to Iona Eggers, and my iron will to Emil Thoms.

Fred Goetze: My conservation of energy to Leonard Mueller.

Emanuel Fuchs: My summer sausage casings to Wm. Becker.

William Foege: My enthusiasm and Vice-Seniorship to Herman Pietz.

Henry Foege: My diligence to Arnold Strottman, my name to Frieda Kruse.

Esther Ermisch: My innocent manner to Herbert Steege, my angelic appearance to Ida Oberheu.

Erika Ermisch: My position as pianist for the Boys' Glee Club to Anna Peimann, my consideration for my sister to anyone who needs it.

Herbert Engelbrecht: My convincing manner to Erhard Glassnapp, my wit and good humor to Ted Becker.

Erich Dornbusch: My "Striche" to next year's Greek class, my inexpensive mode of traveling to Emil Thoms.

Walter Dettmer: My campus arrests to someone less deserving.

Paul Dettmer: My basketball experience to next year's team.

Dorothy Dettmer: My rides to school in a Ford coupe to someone less fortunate.

Clarence Carstensen: My speed in typing and shorthand to "Mountainside."

Carl Boebel: My pamphlets on "How to Make Business Men Beg for Ads" to some commercial student.

Marie Beneke: My taste for dress to Helen Schlicher.

William Becker: My bright neckties and socks to Sears, Roebuck and Company.

Carl Baumgartner: My businesslike manner to William Luhring, and my self-satisfaction to Gertrude Matthias.

Dick Babcock: My bashfulness to William Doerring.

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Edith Armstrong: My "airy tread" and size to Esther Eilts.

Robert Ahrens: My position as head nurse to George Gundel, my modesty to "Wild Bill."

William Adix: My large understanding to Dena Bredow, and my deliberative thinking to Paulus Lutz.

Herold Adix: My mischievious nature to Rosa Brauer, and my love for life and life of love to Emil Seekatz.

Title to these above names and designated goods shall pass to these our beneficiaries immediately upon the opening and publishing of this our will. It is our sincere wish that they receive these our belongings with due reverence and bear us, their gracious benefactors, in fond remembrance. May they profit and prosper, and multiply these gifts which we so thoughtfully bequeath unto them. We assure them of our good wishes and friendly goodwill.

We do declare this to be our last Will and Testament and do in testimony thereof affix our hand and seal this 28th day of April, A. D. 1925.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF WARTBURG NORMAL COLLEGE.

WITNESSES: De Arif H. C. Midst, Berto R. Senahr, Larc N. R. Gramtbeau,

Ermia H. Dunt.







Class Poem

The Seniors paused, their school-days o'er,
They stood before the world's great door.
They gazed beyond the portal wide
And saw the busy world outside.
Then spoke one Senior for the rest,
A wise old sage he thus addressed:

"We are the class of twenty-five,
To work, to wait, to serve, we strive.
We want to gain our happiness
By constant, cheerful usefulness.
Our talents differ; yet we know
That all works out the wisest so.
Knowledge we've gained and wisdom, too,
That we might know the false from true.
So tell us then how these might be
Of great and good utility."

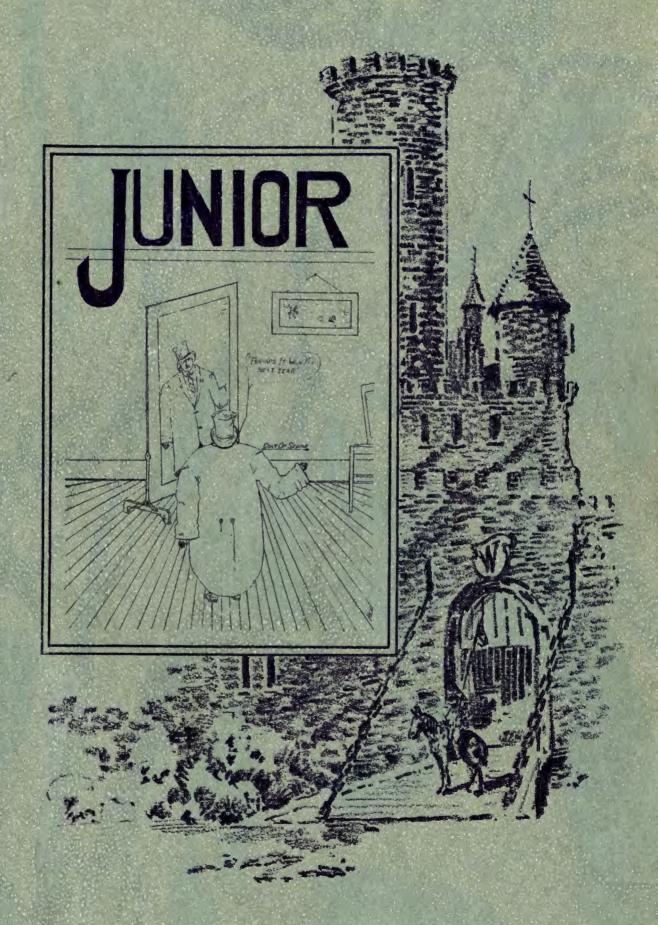
This was the answer, wisely told: (True Wisdom's words will ne'er grow old) "No matter what your place may be, Fill it, and fill it honestly. Or talents great, or talents small, This busy world has use for all. Service by deeds we cannot rate, For it is said, 'They serve who wait.' Great deeds are not the surest test, For each is great who does his best. So in your places do your bit As your abilities permit. And more than this we do not ask, Save faithfulness in every task. Rewarded shall such labor be, This promise has been made to thee."

M. H.

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Dena Bredow Waverly, Iowa College Conrad Rebelein Walters, Minn. Proseminary Dorothy Eilts Westfield, Wis. Academy

George Rausch Waverly, Iowa Academy Arnold Ihrig Johnson, Nebr. Proseminary

Otto Rossbach Russellville, Mo. Commercial

Leo Benorden LaPorte, Iowa Proseminary Erhard E. Glasnapp Lytton, Iowa Commercial

Minnie Tschirley Ethan, S. Dak. Academy Lydia Fink Tripoli, Iowa College

Frieda Meisgeier Arlington, Iowa Academy George Gundel Superior, Nebr. Proseminary Hilda Weiss Muscatine, Iowa College

Emil W. Thoms Waverly, Iowa Academy

Werner Borcherding Sumner, Iowa Commercial

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Gertrude Matthias Westgate, Iowa Academy

Leonard Mueller Parkston, S. Dak. Proseminary

Lilla Bohling Auburn, Nebr. Academy

Paulus Lutz West Union, Iowa Proseminary Fred Reck Preston, Iowa Commercial

Herbert Meisgeier Arlington, Iowa Academy Bertha Bohling Auburn, Nebr. Academy Adolf Niewoehner Sumner, Iowa Commercial

Elwin W. Mueller Waverly, Iowa Academy Ted Becker Waverly, Iowa Proseminary

Erna Matthias Westgate, Iowa Commercial Henry George McCracken, Kans. Commercial Olga Henkel Waverly, Iowa Academy

Siegfried Becker Waverly, Iowa Proseminary F. W. Heinecken Johnson, Nebr. Proseminary

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Minnie Wiegert Palmer, Iowa Academy

William Doering Luana, Iowa Commercial

Helen Schlicher Hartland, Wis. Academy

Herman Pietz Parkston, S. Dak. Academy Oswald Soell Lohman, Mo. Proseminary

Robert Niederwimmer Lohman, Mo. Proseminary Ida Oberheu Waverly, Iowa Commercial Emil H. Rausch Waverly, Iowa Academy

Albert Eilers Flanagan, Ill. Proseminary

Richard Steege Westgate, Iowa Academy

Elizabeth Streng Auburn, Nebr. Academy Carl Jacobi Marine City, Mich. Proseminary Elsie Hinrichs Pocahontas, Iowa Academy

Otto Meyer Johnson, Nebr. Proseminary August Klickman Rocky Ridge, Ohio Proseminary

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Juniors

OFFICERS

PresidentF. V	W. H	einecken
Vice-PresidentRi	ichar	d Steege
Secretary-Treasurer	nie 7	Tschirley

MOTTO

We are striving for the highest

COLOR

White and Green

FLOWER

Lily-of-the-Valley

Juniors (Not in Picture)

Martin Bredow
Arthur Finkbeiner
Floyd Christophel
Will Luhring
Oswald Hardwig
Erwin Matthias
Arnold Strottman
Arnold Meyerhoff
Harold Miller
Oscar Thran
Lloyd Sager

Reinhart Freitag Theordor Bany John Dornbusch Paul Kammeyer Frances Koehn Violet Mether Hattie DeBower Alma Benedix Metha Boedecker Martin Voelzke Walter Stutheit

Imagine!

I see Bee Hardwig sitting still, And Helen Schlicher forgetting Bill; Gundel's perpetual motion ceased, And Siegfried Becker saying the least; Gertrude Matthias playing jazz And Martin Bredow being last; Arthur Finkbeiner grown quite thin, And Minnie Wiegert not called "Min"; "Shorty" Ihrig become tall, And Frieda Meisgeier "trying to stall"; Heine tall and Minnie short And Voelzke on the tennis court: The Readlyn Gang remarkably quiet, Hattie and Erna taking part in a riot; Walter Reinsch no longer a sheik, And Henry George quiet and meek. Many more Juniors I can see, But these are quite enough for me.

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A Wanderer at Wartburg

Everywhere in my devicus wanderings in many lands I had heard loud praises of Wartburg Normal College. I had the exceptional honor of meeting famous pastors, lawyers of international fame, teachers who dictate the educational policies of their states, doctors who sacrifice themselves for the good health of their fellow men, intelligent and honest tillers of the soil, efficient and virtuous wives, and they all exclaimed with an exultant voice: "We are graduates of Wartburg Normal College." Prompted by indomitable curiosity I resolved to visit this world-famous institution.

At the famous portals of wisdom and knowledge, I was cordially greeted by a benign gentleman. His form was erect and vigorous, but his white hair and grave countenance betokened many years of exacting labor in the service of his Master. We entered the gates of knowledge and visited the various departments.

My guide showed me the realms of the Junior Pro-Seminary. I beheld energetic young men with the fire of enthusiasm in their eyes and a fervent love and zeal in their hearts. Their teacher was a virile and relentless divine of sixty summers, who understood the noble art of inculcating Greek forms and interpreting the gospel. His pupils are as yet far from the goal of expounding every construction of grammar in Homer and Plato, yet some day they may issue a revised edition of the Greek New Testament. These inspiring young men see heavenly visions and dream etherel dreams. Vast congregations, in imposing edifices, sit with keen attention listening to the persuasive proclamation of the message of God. The heathen rally from the four ends of the earth to hear the glad news of salvation. Pure faith and doctrine are loyally defended and righteousness prevails among mankind.

But behold, another door opened and I saw the Junior Academy Department. A sweet smelling odor like the fragrance of beautiful flowers penetrated my sensitive nostrils. Whence came this soothing atmosphere? Stalwart youths and coy maidens were concocting aromatic perfumes and precious cosmetics under the direction of the learned teacher of natural sciene. Their laborious efforts were crowned with success. Their balms were superior to those of Egypt and Babylon. Feminine beauty is rendered more permanent, and the world has advanced another step in civilization.

I proceeded a few paces and heard fiery orations. Had Demosthenes or Cicero arisen from the grave? No, I heard the English tongue "Give me liberty or give me death." Has Patrick Henry come back to life?

"Oh, no," exclaimed my guide, "that is our oratorical contest under the competent direction of our Viking. These rapturous and potent orators interpret our privileges and duties most effectively, and permit us to look into the promised land beyond the Jordan."

"Stop! Listen!" A hideous and warning noise was audible. I heard the sound of rolling coins and the rapping and tapping of innumerable ingeniously contrived machines, operated with incredible speed. Human voices rose above the intolerable din and shouted in terms of stocks and bonds. "Surely," quoth I, "we are approaching the Board of Trade or the United States Mint, recently established in Waverly."

"No," cried my benevolent friend with a complacent smile, "we are on the threshold of our Junior Commercial Department."

We entered and beheld the inmates. The principal extended to us the hand of welcome. He was a shrewd and cunning man of affairs, and to judge by his athletic appearance will be able to hold the world while Atlas eats his noon luncheon. The students were absorbed by their profound study of money and of money matters. If Providence lends prosperity, we shall soon see their illustrious names flashed in gigantic letters from the highest sky scrapers of our country. They are imbued with the apirit of philanthropy. The first million dollars will be bequeathed to Wartburg Normal College. In comparison with their further magnanimous efforts, Carnegie and Rockefeller will appear as misers.

But the renowned school had another department. The students were very dif-

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ferent from their kith and kin. A certain precision and accuracy marked their speech, a unique air of refinement and nobility governed their conduct; they have marvelous capacity for accumulating facts and a voracious desire for knowledge. Occasionally, it was said, they make a pilgrimage to the grade schools of the city and instruct the boys and girls how to climb the ladder of knowledge successfully. These young men and women serve as the standard and criterion of all other students. Their aims and aspirations are much higher than those of their brothers and sisters, yet my mentor assured me with great positiveness that they were members of the Junior College Department. These ambitious students have set a laudable pace for the others and make the college department the strongest in the institution.

With profound gratitude I bade my guide farewell, assured that Wartburg Normal College fully deserved its enviable world-wide fame.

Student Afflictions

Examinations

Examinations, quizzes, written lessons—all distasteful names given to a group of questions that Socrates himself couldn't understand, to say nothing of answering them intelligently—belong in the category of School Evils, or Student Afflictions. I could never understand why teachers and profs take such a false, unjust pride in the exams which they deal out with the same frequency that a daily newspaper is distributed. Perhaps a "fourth dimension" is given to their minds, which makes them capable of seeing value in what seems to us an utter waste of time.

Poetry is too often mere words without even the excuse of a thought therein. That this does not apply in all cases is proved by a literary contribution from Miss Anne Nonymus, whose great truths embodied in Webster's choicest words bring light to an age of literary darkness.

She writes:

Why do students fall down on a quiz?

I think, my dear friend, that it's none of your biz—
And it seems rather cruel to be prying about
To find how so often we're put to a rout.
But since you have asked it, I'll labor my best
To show why we students oft flunk in a test.

To show why we to often, alas,
Do we go to our class,
Our teachers compelling
Our own souls rebelling,
We feel just like fighting,
The faculty smiting.
Shaking and quaking,
Quivering and shivering,
Moaning and groaning,
Sliding and gliding,

Frantically gripping
An idea slipping,
The next question skipping,
Stuffing and bluffing,
Cramming and jamming,

Fibbing and cribbing,

Moping, now hoping,
Groping, now doping,
Sighing and crying,
Now writhing, now crawling,
Rag chewing and bawling.
Our nerves they are wearing,
Our hair we are tearing.
Rushing and gushing,
Our consciences hushing,
Sadly we're faring,
Resentment we're bearing.
By noon we are craving,
With anguish are raving.
These facts are astounding,

These facts are astounding,
Nay more, they're confounding,
And tho' I still think that it's none of your biz.

Yet that's why we students fall down in a quiz.

[Page Fifty-four]







Top row: Harold Lauer, Frieda Kruse, Walter Seegars, Helen Ottersberg. Middle row: Anna Peimann, Rosa Brauer, Herbert Steege, Ida Hehr, Dorothy Korn. Bottom row: Marie Reyelts, Hulda Baermann.

OFFICERS

PresidentHerbert	Steege
Vice-President	Lauer
Secretary_Treasurer Id	a Hehr

MOTTO

Good, better, best; Never let us rest Until our good is better, And our better, best.

COLORS

Green and White

FLOWER

Sweet Pea

[Page Fifty-five]



"Oh Master, We Are 'Leven"

(After Wordsworth)

A simple soph
Who lightly thinks of life,
And thinks he knows it all,
What should he know of strife?

I met a little sophomore, She was seventeen years old, she said, She wore a clasp within her "Hehr" And brains within her head.

"You and your classmates, little maid, How many may you be?"
"How many? 'leven in all." she said, And wondering, looked at me.

"And who are they? I pray you tell." She answered, "Eleven are we; Eight girls we number in our class, Of boys there are just three.

"There's Helen Ottersberg and Dorothy Korn, In History, how they shine! They have their names and dates all straight. Yes, even to the line.

"Rose Brauer surely knows her stuff,"
(Now here's some honest truth)
She pulls her hundreds easier
Than a dentist pulls a tooth.

"And Frieda Kruse is a singer rare, But she does not spell just fine— A bird in German she will spell, As though it were Foegelein."

"And who's that shy girl and quite tall?" I asked the little maid.
She paused a moment: "Shy, you think?"
"Oh, that's Marie M. Reyelts," she said.

"Hulda and Anna both are bright, By geometry they figure. The whole of any pie, they say, Than any part is bigger."

"And what about the boys?" I asked
"What do they do all day?"
"They study some," the maid replied,
"And frequently they play."

"And is that all? Three boys there were, And girls I counted seven, Did you not say there was one more?" Yes, Master, I make 'leven."

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Student Afflictions

The Faculty

An affliction above afflictions, the recovery from which is despaired of, is the faculty. A decided menace to, and disturber of, the student's joys and desires, it has clung to the institution from the very beginning, and according to indications, it will continue to do so. It has come to form a controlling factor in the student's life and activities. We can, in fact, hardly imagine our condition without this ever-present affliction.

Being awakened in the early hours of the morning by a clamoring and rattling gong; being forced to drag our weary and unfortunate selves to breakfast, while nearby residents are still in the blessed unconsciousness of sleep, all for the sake of satisfying the faculty's desire to meet us in class at 7:50 o'clock, is the daily program under their reign. As the day progresses, sorrows and adversities increase. Dashed from a sleepy, monotonous hour of wading through masses of data and statistics —— into a nerve-shocking, unmerciful test of quiz on one's intellectual abilities, is no uncommon occurrence. Having been subjected to one of these always-expected terrors, one must also experience the humiliation of showing one's ignorance and faulty memory. After surviving a day of such misery, one can but spend the beautiful and enticing evenings in preparing for the expectations of the following day. Back of all this is, of course, the faculty.

Not deeming one-hundred and eighty days of this sufficient, we must at prescribed times humbly and silently bow to their scourge, termed Exams. On such days of reckoning, the neglects and oversights of the semester become apparent, and the consequences must be taken as a just reward. At such times an irrepressible vow forms within us of taking full revenge on our subjects in the future. Undoubtedly the hope of our regeneration is the satisfaction the faculty is at such times experiencing.

Socials, parties, strolls and many other amusements are not to us what they would be—without the faculty. As it is, since their requirements and expectations of us are no less in spite of such desirable pleasures, the table spent in enjoying one's self must be robbed from sleep—or something else.

But, dear reader, what's the use of all this? Enumeration of the effects of this inevitable affliction but makes it seem the worse and does not change the matter in any way. If we can but arouse your sympathy for us, we shall feel repaid. It is our lot, and the only solution is to make the best of the inevitable and unalterable.

W. A.





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Student Joys Outfly Day

Take a glimpse into history and listen to the cries that have been raised for freedom of the body and mind. Back in the Revolutionary days Patrick Henry shouted: "Give me liberty or give me death!" What a fight there was at that time! Tyranny gave way to the force of independence.

The Civil War involved the question of liberty of another kind. Slaves were bound to work for their masters with no remuneration save their subsistence, and not always that much. What a blessing the Emancipation Proclamation proved to be to mankind at large!

Patrick Henry's cry for liberty and the negro's appeal for deliverance from the bonds of slavery could have been no louder than the students' cry for freedom from the bondage of books, worry, study, exams. ad infinitum, for one day, and that a fine, warm, sunshiny one. "Outfly Day" may be called a time of temporary Armistice, during which we lay aside the weapons employed in warring against Ignorance.

The Emancipation Proclamation issued by our Director twice a year receives not one dissenting voice. The noble document is submitted to you:

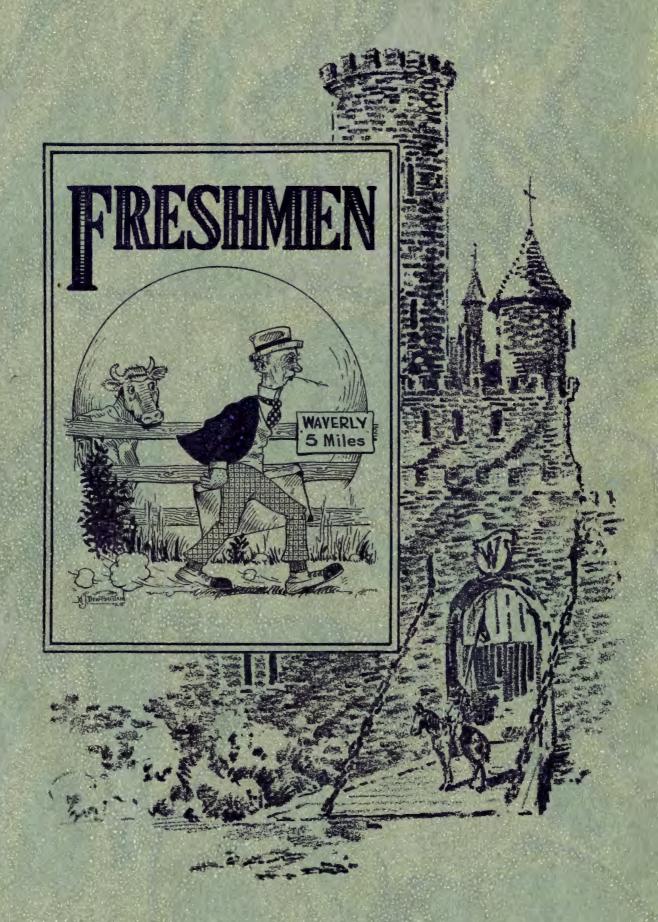
"Be it known among the entire student body and the faculty that they are hereby declared free, and that they are liberated for this day from all the evils that daily attend them. It is strongly recommended that the use of all words; to wit, books, quizzes, paper, pencils, etc., offensive to the students be omitted on this day, and, likewise, that all students be asked not to annoy the teachers by inquiring about grades, report cards, or assignments.

It is strongly urged upon you all that you whet your appetites for food and fun, and that you all partake of the satisfaction provided therefor. (Signed) U-Nanimus



THE WARSA 1925





Academy



Top row: Benjamin Schulz, Alma Bruggemann, Ernest Engel, Lottie Andreae, Lloyd Pothast.

Middle row: Esther Eilts, Hilda Fedeler, Frieda Ottersberg, Vallie Tribon, Minnie Grauerholz, Erna Goes, Helen Reck, Margaret Pierson, Paul Matthias.

Bottom row: Carl Becker, Viola Tiecke, Carl Peters, Hertha Hardwig, Iona Eggers, Elvira Fedeler.

OFFICERS

President	
Vice-President	Eggers
Secretary-Treasurer	rl Peters

COLORS

Gold and White

Freshman Stuff

It is a quarter to ten a. m. when the Freshmen appear on the scene for English class. Carl is generally one of the first ones there and hails everybody with the question, "What were we to do for English today?" Iona, Erna, and Viola come in lauching, deposit their books on their chairs, and leave again. The classroom has begun to fill when Alma Bruggeman is seen trailing slowly up the stairs. She knows her lesson to perfection, and has no need to cram in the last few minutes. When Helen

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Reck and Minnie Grauerholz come in we can feel sure that it is quite late. Helen would very much miss having Ben Schulz sit behind her, to poke her every second.

We must look closely to see little Paul Matthias. He is almost overshadowed by Frieda Ottersberg, who sits behind him. Near by are the demure Fedeler sisters, Hilda and Elvira.

We can only mourn for Vallie Tribon, Margaret Pierson and Lloyd Pothast as for the "dear departed," for they will appear no more. They left the class in the course of the year, and a gaping hole remains.

While the class is gathering, President Hardwig and Secretary Peters are debating about some such trivial matter as the diagraming of a sentence. Vice-President Eggers soon joins them. Alma Bruggemann hovers near, vainly trying to show them the infallible "Toterville Method" which she learned in grade school. Ernest is smiling sitently over Carl Becker's antics. A favorite diversion of his is trying to hit someone beneath the window with a piece of chalk. Esther Eilts sits in her seat as properly as any girl ought and does not say a word until Erna Goes and Viola Tiecke ask her to explain something. Erna is careful to place a chair beside her seat—for the teacher. She wouldn't know what to do if the teacher didn't sit there. Lottie Andreae is so quiet that we almost forget she is there, but she keenly observes all that other people let pass unnoticed.

If someone were to ask for proof of the wisdom of the class, we could show this:

- A stands for Andreae, quiet and still
 - Who knows what she can do if she will.
- R stands for Becker and Bruggemann too
 - Those two make a good combination, they do!
- c and D our class cannot boast
 - Therefore they can't be used in our toast.
- E stands for Eggers, Eilts, and the dear Engel lad
 - They understand how to make the teacher's heart glad.
- F for Fedeler sisters so small,
 - Who are always ready for work at the call.
- 6 stands for Grauerholz and Erna Goes,
- It seems they never think of their woes.
- H stands for Hardwig, our president wise,
 - Who makes it a point not to criticize.
- and J and K and L
 - Again from our lines we must dispel.
- M stands for Matthias, Paul,
 - I wonder why he is so small!
- N stands for Nobody, little or big,
- For this we care little more than a fig.
- 1 stands for Ottersberg, faithful and staid,
- There is little that can against her be said.
- to be for Determined in the first
- P stands for Peters, although in the first
- For Pierson and Pothast, but they have dispersed.
- Q means nothing at all in this class
 - It's name is borne by no lad and no lass.
- R stands for Reck, who arrives on the scene
 - Just the minute before all the classes begin.
- \$ stands for Benjamin Schultz, big and strong, I don't believe he is ever wrong.
- T stands for Tribon, who has long left our band, But Tiecke is left, on the other hand.
- The remaining U-V-W-X-Y-Z
 - Are not represented in our class, you can see.





Proseminary



Emil Lang Carl Knollmann Reinhart Riensche

Emil Roleff

An old proverb tells us that "there is no royal road to learning." Indeed there is none. We must all begin our quest for knowledge as freshmen and can attain our goal only by means of years of diligent study.

During this long period of preparation there are times when we become discouraged, disgusted with life, particularly with school-life. It is then that we think of our goal, of the time when we shall be prepared to go out into the world as ministers of the church, to fulfill the missionary command: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost." Having these words in mind, we are filled with a new spirit which gives the stamina to continue our work.

Our class is extremely small this year-we number only four. You may wonder why there are so few. There are, beyond a doubt, many reasons to which we might attribute this paucity, but to my mind one of the greatest factors is that young men think if they enter the ministry they will have very little opportunity to acquire money or other earthly goods. That is very true, but does not Christ also tell us in Matthew 6:33: "But seek ye first His kingdom and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you?" Young man, give these and similar passages due consideration; perhaps you are the one to join us in our work.

May the Lord bless our efforts, and may our class grow in knowledge and in numbers. R. R.



Student Joys

Hard Time Meetin'

When the Seniors held a class meeting there was much excitement and we wondered what it all might be about. Soon posters appeared, "Watch This Space"—"Save a Date"; then an invitation was issued.

The Seniors send ther greetin'
To acquaintances fur and ny,
And axes all to ther hard times meetin',
Be the evening cold, wet or dry.

At the Gym is ther place to meet Were we'll all jine together in fun. Every woman and man will miss a treat That kalkerlates not to kum.

Nov. 7 is ther date, 7:30 o'clock is ther time, 15 sense is dew at ther gate— Dot is a knickel plus a dime.



Great excitement reigned, until finally November 7 arrived. At noon on that day we were greeted by four "Old Timers" who reminded us to be sure to come to the party. Everybody came, of course. The costumes, evidence of both hard times and old times, defy description.

Everybody greeted everybody else, but soon we realized that there were conditions to be met at this party. Fines were imposed for having powder, shined shoes, jewelry and bobbed hair. A general good time reigned during the fining, dodging and paying of fines.

Later Mr. William Adix took the platform, telling us, midst chews on his tobacco (chocolate fudge) that "this here evening" would not be complete unless we heard some of the worthy members of the crowd. He first called up a mixed quartet to render "some selections." Edna Hutchinson gave a reading and Herbert Engelbrecht related the news of Wartburg village to us. A Minuet was given by Rosa Kroeger and Marie Beneke. Marie Haefner entertained her caller, Clarence Carstensen, and the audience by showing him the "Family Album" in living pictures.

After the program, refreshments were sold while the crowd again mingled, confetti throwing and dodging being the principal diversion until the Director reminded us that it was half-past ten o'clock. Everyone agreed that the Senior party was a success in all respects.



Preparatory Class



Top row: Bertha Oberheu, Emil Seekatz, Alma Engel. Bottom row: Gerhard Treu, Herman Wolfgram, Herbert Langlaff, Carl Bigalk.

The preparatory class, though small as to number, is, nevertheless, great in its importance. To those who have not as yet finished the elementary grades, this course furnishes an excellent opportunity to get eighth-grade work, and, at the same time, gives these people an introductory glimpse into high school activities. With high school so close before them, the inducement to go on with secondary school work is so much the greater. For those who have finished the grade-school work some years before they wish to enter the Academy, this course offers a splendid review of grade-studies and a fitting preparation for higher education. Added to these benefits is the fact that religion is included in the curriculum—an advantage, indeed, not found in the public grade schools.

THE WARSA 1925





Activities and Organizations

"In union there is strength," "If we don't hang together, we will all hang separately," and a dozen other similar sentiments are quoted to justify the existence of college organizations. That they are sometimes an inconvenient combination of annoyances need scarcely be stated; they interfere not only with many other things of importance, but also with each other—chairmen, officers, committees all want to claim first attention. Most students belong to so many organizations that they need an engagement book to remind them when to attend each meeting. Little wonder some curious and even thinking persons ask: "Why all this?"

Why? That is explained easily enough. Without these societies, clubs and organizations, what would college life be? What would hold the students together and furnish them with diversions from the daily routine? Think of the number of students who enter our college each year, many of whom have never before been away from home. What would become of them? They would pine away and die of homesickness if we did not have these organizations to keep them interested outside of their studies. Look over the student body and see for yourself how much these organizations have done for them. Notice the boy sitting in the front of the room and talking with graceful assurance and marked intelligence. You should have seen him six months ago; he was so shy that if you wanted a word with him, you had to tiptoe up behind him and grasp him firmly to keep him from running away. Where did he learn to meet people? How did he finally come to realize that the student body was no demon to be afraid of? In no other place than the meetings of the organizations which he joined.

Again, almost everyone is likely to be called upon at some time during his life to appear on a program or on some occasion to get up before an audience. Is it not then a nuisance to be afflicted with that disagreeable malady known as stage-fright? Stage-fright is, as a rule, like a contagious disease; it runs its course and then it's out of the system. But where can it be given a chance to run its course? Literary societies and musical organizations afford an excellent opportunity for this. Literary societies have another advantage. There are very few people who in later life do not belong to some organization in which a knowledge of parliamentary law is required. Some people, usually college alumni, have a seat in a legislative body. If a Wartburg College alumnus twenty-five years from now is addressed as Senator—won't it be very convenient for him to have a knowledge of parliamentary rules upon which to fall back?

As for the glee clubs—who would sing at commencement programs if there were no glee clubs practicing every Monday night? Information about these most renowned organizations is unnecessary. For those with good voices and ability to read music readily there is no better opportunity than that afforded by these clubs. An effort should be made to select for them only the best singers and to train them to a high degree of proficiency.

Thus we see that good does come from such organizations. Although we occasionally wish these necessary evils did not exist, we invariably add—"Perhaps they aren't so bad, after all."



The Master's Business

To know God one must have an open heart and mind. All that is implied in hallowing the name of our heavenly Father, all art and science, even all wisdom, is in vain, if such be not in the fear of God. It is very often the case that the wisdom of God is barred by prejudice, which sometimes surrounds the thinking powers. After all, what would be the gain if someone had all the wisdom of this earth and knew not God?

When Jesus, at the age of twelve, sat in the temple in the midst of the doctors, was not His Father the central figure of all that he desired to know? The very reason why young men do not take advantage of the opportunity to attend a Christian college, is that they do not realize the importance of a knowledge of divine truth as an essential factor of a well-balanced education.

4 In order to do the Master's business we must seek after learning and, above all, learn to know God. Consequently, in order that we may learn to know the Master, we must cast our lot with those people of God who gladly and willingly impart knowledge of the Word of God. To fulfill their desire of knowing God and working for the Master is the true aim of the students of the Pro-Seminary Department. Our able and honored Professors Becker and Guetzlaff, who are very zealous and whole-heartedly devoted to the work of this department, deserve our every respect. We highly esteem them not only for their untiring efforts to fit and train us for our future work, but also for the good example they set for us.

With open hearts and minds we are eager to know God, and directed by our competent leaders and trustworthy guides, we look forward to the time when we may serve as faithful workers of our church and thus aid in promoting the Master's Business.

E. W. S.

L. S. A. A.

The majority of the people today think that we are declining spiritually; consequently, many religious interests throughout the country have been revived.

Colleges and universities throughout America have taken an active part in the religious awakening. The first united effort of Lutheran students to further Christian work among themselves began in the spring of 1922. Various attempts had been made previously, but in this year the Lutheran Brotherhood of America invited a number of colleges and universities of the Middle West to send student representatives to a conference in Toledo, Ohio. The purpose of this meeting was to discuss problems of Lutheran students. During that first session the enthusiasm grew so strong that a call came for a national organization.

In 1923 the convention met at Augustana College and Theological Seminary, with seventy-four delegates, representing forty-one different schools, in attendance. At this meeting the constitution was adopted. North America is divided into eight geographical areas and each region has its meetings annually. This spring, for the first time, Wartburg took an active part in the regional meeting. Perhaps we shall send a delegate to the national convention next year. Provision is made for a general conference at least once every four years. The second national convention will be held at Madison, Wis., in 1926.

The Lutheran Student Association of America has for its objectives the following:

1. To arouse Lutheran students everywhere to the value of personal evangelism and to study the best ways of doing personal work.

2. To promote a better understanding of the teachings of our church and its contribution to modern life.

3. To acquaint Lutheran students and the entire Lutheran Church with the Lutheran Student Association and its activities.

"The Big Inkwell" is the official paper of the Association. The bulletin is published five times during the school year, each issue including official news and items of interest from the various schools.

The progress already made points to closer co-operation of Lutheran students and bigger and better L. S. A. A.

[Page Sixty-nine]

College



"When-"

When Dena turns a pessimist,
And Voelzke dates each night;
When Hilda has her hair cut off,
And Lester works with might;
When Alma thinks she ought to worry,
When Marie begins to grow;

When we find Irma in a hurry, Lydia, without a beau; When Leary's hair no longer curls, When Sike no-more is bright, Then Wartburg boys and Wartburg girls May stay out late at night.

On October twenty-seventh the State Board of Educational Examiners voted unanimously to place the Normal College Department of Wartburg on the accredited list. To the whole institution, especially to those enrolled in College classes, this action brought deep satisfaction, for it meant that hereafter the two-year teacher training course will be recognized as on a par with that of other Normal Schools.

Accreditation has long been our goal, but it has been impossible because of limited resources and the lack of adequate class room facilities. To provide for this lack, the synodical Board has voted to erect at Wartburg a large new Administration building, preparations for its erection have already begun. The complete plans include an auditorium with a seating capacity of one thousand. It is sincerely hoped that the auditorium can be finished this year with the rest of the building. Mention should also be made of the large and conveniently arranged library which will meet a most urgent need.

It is confidently believed the accreditation and added equipment will aid materially in increasing the enrollment in College classes. The strengthening of that department should be our chief endeavor in order that Wartburg may furnish for young men and women of the Lutheran faith an opportunity to secure among their own people two years of training equivalent to that found in any standard institution of higher learning. Public High Schools will tend increasingly to limit attendance in the academy. It is to the College Department that we must look for the training of our parochial school teachers, and for the preparation of those others of our young people who desire to secure the first two years of their college education in a Lutheran institution.

[Page Seventy]



College Diplomacy

The older one becomes, the wiser one grows, the farther along one gets in school, the more urgent becomes the need for recourse to diplomacy in meeting the daily problems and needs of life. In the early school-days, diplomacy on the part of pupils in relation to their teachers is unnecessary, for youthful innocence and ignorance are pardonable excuses for almost any act. During this school age, diplomacy is employed as a matter of choice in getting out of classes, in establishing a "reputation," and for numerous other reasons. A better understanding of human nature, a little more prudence, actions weighed in the balance of reason for an estimate of the advantages of each, keen far-sightedness—all these tools are employed by students of college rank in maintaining desirable relation between themselves and their teachers. I quote a few examples:

. Dena was late for class. Since excuses are an abomination to the teachers, no matter of what nature they are, be they clever, though false, or honest though incredible, it is of little importance to state why she was late, for the fact remains. Six and one-half minutes had passed since the last toll of the class-bell, when she stood in front of Main Box prepared to enter the class-room. Something made her pause to reflect on her next step. She remembered that this professor had traveled the night through, he could not be expected to be cheerful and altogether amiable. Dena felt immediate entrance into the classroom at this moment would be a most undiplomatic move on her part. Like a spark of that rare fire, genius, came an inspiration—the thought of man's weakness. A bit of food had softened many a heart. The young college lady produced a pink-frosted cookie from somebody's kitchen and then ran delightedly up the two flights of stairs to her classroom, eight and a half minutes after the last bell had rung. Food must have magnetic power, we believe. The professor's eyes, without hesitation, were riveted on that cookie and remained there for over fifteen seconds. The young lady smiled most beguilingly, and the professor smiled at the pleasing prospect. The young lady smiled, too, because she had learned the value of diplomacy.

Another incident, more common in its nature than the previous one, occurred not long ago. This story gives us another view of diplomacy. It might be called "Diplomacy Gone Wrong."

By some unhappy coincidence, not one of the four members of the class were prepared to write the inevitable quiz of the day intelligently. To disappoint the teacher by refusing to write, the class felt, was not the most desirable solution for the situation. Bluffing was out of the question. That is the least diplomatic of all methods employed by students in solving their problems. Psychology came to the rescue. Had not sheer concentration of will-power caused wonderful things to happen! They allowed no other thought to rise into consciousness save their determined, "We're not going to have a test; we're not going to have a test." So firmly had they convinced themselves that they were not going to have a quiz that their faces paled to a sickening hue when they actually saw the blank white papers peeping from the instructor's bag. Psychology was insufficient to meet the urgent need. What could diplomacy do? The brightest, but the most unprepared members of that miserable quartet began working mentally. The first diplomatic move was a question pertaining to a current topic, aimed to defer the recitation. The question was taken up, and wonderful! an enthusiastic response and interest was exhibited by everyone. I believe the teacher was just as diplomatically inclined as any of her four subjects, because she saw: Aght through the brave attempt and allowed those poor children to play a while. The discussion became deep and was prolonged for ten minutes. The class didn't mind the mental labor, as long as it brought them success. Then, with a smile the teacher took the papers and passed them around. "I want to dictate something to you today. I'm sorry we didn't get started sooner, because it will take some time. Let's begin right away."

Oh, the bitter irony of fate! All that intense mental effort expended unnecessarily! hi the fallacy of man's reason, even of diplomacy!

[Page Seventy-one]



"Wasn't That a Dainty Dish?" Or the All-Student Banquet

A three-course dinner has to the average individual an unmistakeable attraction and irresistible fascination. This is a normal condition of people, not limited merely to the young. Judging from things seen and heard, we are positive that another class, composed of those somewhat older and much wiser, is subject to the same weakness, if such it may be called. The alluring possibilities of such a feast became too great to be ignored, and on February 24 our faculty arranged for the entire school body a banquet indeed "fit for a king." To dwell on a description of the menu would be too cruel, since the desire for another like it, which would certainly be aroused at its mention, could not be fulfilled. Kindness, therefore, forbids. If ever the desires of earthly nature were met, it was on this occasion.

Although the banquet was an all-college affair, the members of the two basketball teams were selected as the honor guests of the evening. These guests, together with their coaches and the toastmaster, were seated at the long central table, paralleled with one for the faculty. At four other tables extending across the gymnasium were seated the remaining students, grouped according to classes. The meal was most efficiently served by the academic freshmen, dressed in colonial costume. Decorations and programs were in school colors.

The program was a pronounced success. We happened to come into possession of one of the programs on which a critic had made his personal observations. A copy of this page is submitted to the reader:

PROGRAM

Visions	Siegfried Becker
	(His idea of bigger athletics not so visionary as title suggests.)
Realities	Frieda Schmidt
	(Fine! Fine!)
Reading	Edna Hutchinson
	(I wasn't much on readings until I heard this one.)
Pastimes	Alf, W. Swensen
	(He's got the right idea in what he says about good losers.)
Chicks fro	om the New Block
	(Short and very sweet.)
See-Saws	Marie Haefner
	(There's a bit of truth in what she said.)
Toastmast	er
	(Not an adverse criticism to be made. He certainly Dunn Nobel.)

The All-Student banquet is an innovation at Wartburg, but we hope it has established a precedent. Its social value is marked. Though it seems scarcely credible, some of the students saw each other for the first time on that evening. Closer relations among classmates, among faculty and students were formed, and school spirit was strengthened. This spirit was well expressed in the Wartburg song written for the occasion. The banquet furnished a pleasant diversion from the daily routine such as all need. The program was entertaining and inspiring, giving food for the mind as the feast gave food for the body. Through it we gained a new insight of the abilities of our associates. To the faculty who made possible this delightful event, we are most grateful. May it be but the first of many similar social occasions!

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Missionary Society



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Anna Hinrichs Elsie Hinrichs Rosa Brauer Frieda Schmidt Helen Ottersberg Irma Karsten Anna Peimann Leonard Mueller Ernest Engel Herbert Steege Carl Boebel Fred Heinecken August Klickmann Erich Dornbusch Marie Haefner Robert Niederwimmer Louise Stave Herbert Meisgeier

Siegfried Siefkes William Foege Henry Foege Herold Adix William Adix Robert Ahrens Edward Sorgenfrei John Janssen Fred Goetze Emanuel Fuchs Lester Engelke Gertrude Nolting Erna Matthias Gertrude Matthias Dorothy Eilts Frieda Ottersberg

Erna Goes Elizabeth Streng Hilda Weiss Lilla Bohling Bertha Bohling Dena Bredow Helen Schlicher Minnie Grauerholz Erika Ermisch Esther Ermisch Fred Reck Marie Hundt Henrietta Habbinga Minnie Tschirley Frieda Meisgeier Frieda Kruse Conrad Rebelein

Paul Matthias Richard Steege Martin Schroeder Richard Harms Leo Benorden Alma Albers Arnold Ihrig Henry George Benjamin Schultz Martin Voelzke Walter Reinsch Erhard Glassnapp Herbert Engelbrecht Carl Becker Arthur Finkbeiner Albert Eilers

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Mission

MISSION is the work of preaching and teaching the gospel of Christ crucified and risen, to lost and condemned mankind. Such work must be done wherever Jesus Christ is not known, in America, as well as in Asia, or Africa, or anywhere else. It is necessary: (1) Because Christ has commanded it, "Preach the gospel to every creature," "Make Disciples of all nations." (2) Because we, knowing Christ the Savior, cannot keep the great joy for ourselves; "We cannot but speak of the things which we have seen and heard." (3) "Because there is in none other salvation, and no other name under heaven is given among men whereby we must be saved." (4) Because by bringing Christ to men, we render them the greatest service.

Mission-work is the GREATEST of all works, extending to every corner, and every tribe, on the globe, giving freely the greatest treasure for the taking of it. It is the NOBLEST work, saving immortal souls from the bondage of sin to the liberty of righteousness, from death to life, from misery to temporal and eternal bliss and happiness. Mission-work is DIFFICULT work because it is warfare against Satan, Sin and Death; yet withal it is BLESSED work bringing Peace and Happiness and Joy. SACRIFICIAL work it is, demanding the greatest self-abnegation, devotion, and sacrifices of men, money, and occasionally, even of life; at the same time it is REMUNERATIVE in the highest degree, because he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death. Mission is always VICTORIOUS, because in Jesus' name every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus is the Lord. And it is the HIGHEST and the most HONORABLE of all services, because the missionary goes as an ambassador of Him to Whom is given all power in heaven and on earth, and Who has promised, "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Mission is the bounden duty of every true Christian.

Our own Foreign Mission Field is the northeastern port of New Guinea, the southern half of the former German New Guinea. Our Home Mission Field is the Middle West and West of the United States of America. Wartburg Normal College prepares, and helps to prepare, men and women to do mission work at home and abroad. Three former Wartburgers are in the field in New Guinea. The Mission Society of our school has sixty-five members. We meet monthly. We have lectures by men directly from the fields, by Professors, and also direct news and reports from workers in New Guinea.

Missionary Society

The purpose of this society is to further the kingdom of Christ among men upon the basis of the Evangelical Lutheran Church: first, by awakening zeal for the salvation of all mankind and by contributing systematically toward the support of missions connected with the Lutheran Church; second, by fostering a general mission spirit and disseminating among the members of the society a knowledge of missionary work.

With this purpose in mind, the officers of this society, supported by the members, took up their duties last fall. The various programs which were given throughout the year aimed to fulfill the provisions of the constitution to the utmost. Every member of the society cannot but feel that he has been benefited by the various talks reports, and readings, which made up the programs rendered in the course of this year.

Both home mission and foreign missions were discussed. Both are of vital importance and should receive the proper recognition of every true Lutheran, both should be aided through prayer and contribution.

Repeated appeals were made to the members of the society to be active members and make others see the needs of the mission work. We trust that these appeals were not in vain, that they will remain with the members throughout their lives, and that you who are in possession of this "Wahsa" or who take it with you as a remembrance of your school, will not overlook this. As you think of the Missionary Society, remember also what you there heard and learned.

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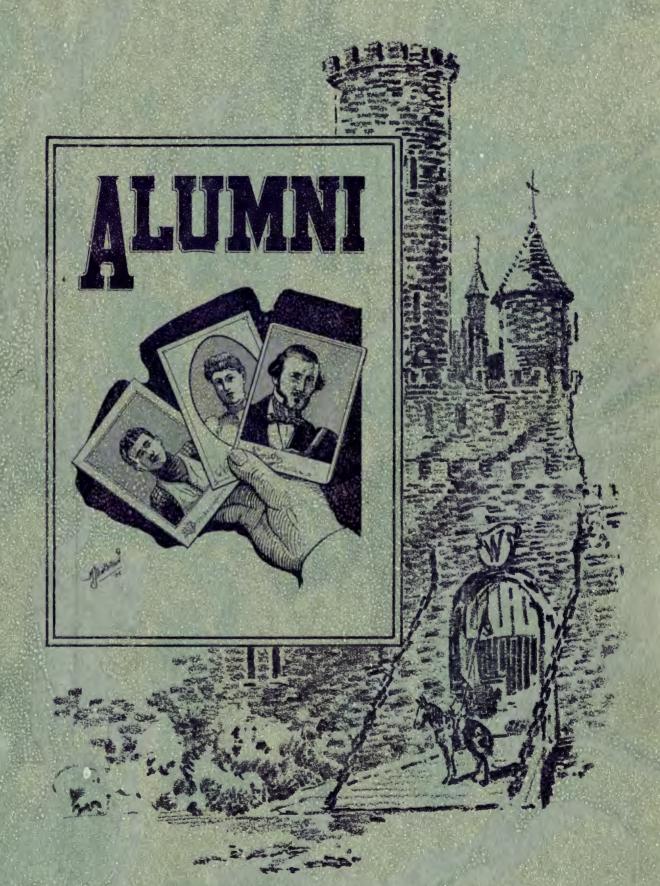
Student Officials



Though not every one knows how to maintain order, there is no one who does not enjoy it when it exists. If the desire for order and discipline in a school, or any institution, does not come from the individual, there must be outside forces to produce it. The rules and regulations that exist in the dormitories are not designed to subject the students to absolute unquestioned obedience, but rather to grant to each individual as many rights and privileges as possible without interfering with the rights and privileges of others. It has been the custom in the past for each department to elect its representative to the student council. This council forms the student executive body, which, with a committee composed of faculty members, maintains a general state of order. This system has been slightly changed this year. The student officials the past year have been known as Seniors and Vice-seniors and were appointed by the director. Another official whose duties are of great importance is the nurse.

The appointments for the year were as follows: Senior, Grossmann Hall, William Adix; Vice-senior, Grossmann Hall, William Foege; Nurse, Grossmann Hall, Robert Ahrens. Senior, Wartburg Hall, Marie Haefner; Vice-senior, Wartburg Hall, Irma Karsten.







Our Heritage

"Oh memories of Wartburg, oh thoughts of by-gone years. You banish all our sadness, and fill our hearts with cheer!"

Who does not gladly recall the many jolly stunts of "Auld Lang Syne" in which he partook? Take, for instance, the midnight feeds commonly designated by the word "Frass," the ghosts spooking on the campus, the secret raids on the pantry supplies, the happy escapes from class when the instructor was late, or the unhappy escapes when Director stepped out of the office just as the last members of the class were half-way down the stairs; as well as many other events of like nature. But the recollections that are less cheerful have also lost their sharpness, for memory has the redeeming quality of making the past appear lovely, although it may not have been entirely so at the time. The solemn lectures from Director, the well-meant warnings of the Matron, we no longer resent, but at last we appreciate their value. Could we but do some things over! Yes, all these incidents have become memories, memories that we would be most reluctant to lose.

However, Wartburg has given us something more vital than just a pack of memories which we tenderly lay away in one of the pigeon-holes of our mind. It has given us some deep and lasting friendships. People will tell us that small denominational schools like our Wartburg have a narrowing influence on the mind because the people there have too much the same point of view. We will not argue this question, since those who say this usually have not been trained in such a school. One of the things we prize most highly in our Wartburg is the association with so many people of our own faith. Though they differ from each other in all other respects, they have this in common and from this arise the staunch friendships that last throughout life.

Besides this, we have acquired a feeling of responsibility in living up to Wartburg's standards. We dare not disgrace our Alma Mater. There must be no occasion for people sneeringly to remark, "So that's the kind of people you turn out at your Christian institutions!" We are proud of our Wartburg institution and we want it to be proud of us. Of course, we shall scarcely be called upon to perform soul-stirring deeds and thereby reflect fame on our Alma Mater, but we can faithfully do our duty in a small way, which is just as honorable as being famous.

There is something else that we gained at Wartburg. When we were there we often resented the stern "Thou Shalt Nots" that kept us from having what we considered a real good time. Out in life we encounter those same pleasures that were prohibited at Wartburg, but which are permissible elsewhere. We are tempted to join in with the rest, but memories of Wartburg quietly steal into our minds. If we stop to think, chances are that for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne" we decide not to. Perhaps this is the narrowing influence that such an institution has; but it may be the grain of salt which saves the world from corruption.

E. B. M., '24.

Reminiscenses of Dormitory Life

Sometimes when I am idle or am at some work which requires but little mental exertion, my mind wanders back to the days when I was at Wartburg. Some night in the dormitory or the gym, or some adventure half forgotten comes vividly to my mind. Such a memory always appears to me significant, like certain dreams. I find myself thinking this evening of an adventure in the girls' dormitory.

It happened thus: Some of us girls found to our dismay that we were sadly in need of the element known as pep. It was winter; nothing exciting had happened for a long time, and no social event was in sight. Something must be done to keep us from getting into the rut of quiet, sane behavior. The question was how to inject this element into our systems without getting into difficulties. We racked our brains without avail.

It was shortly before the dinner bell rang one day that the solution to the problem was found. Nancy popped into our room to inform us that she had received a box

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from home with the most delicious "eats."
"Girls, that means a spread in room 319.
Come at nine bells." I accepted the invitation eagerly, but Helen, my roommate, felt the need of real study that evening, for the history teacher had said, "If you have any time hanging heavy on your hands, you might review a little."

What else could that mean but a test? However, the prospects of a feast of good things were a little too tempting to be refused.

"All right," Helen finally agreed, "we'll be there at nine."

The day passed as usual. When evening came, we had already fallen victims to the spread fever. We were restless, unable to wait until nine o'clock. It seemed impossible for us to concentrate. We did little more than wriggle around in our chairs and talk. Finally the clock struck nine.

"If the coast is clear, it won't be so bad," Helen ventured.

Cautiously we climbed the stairs and peeped around the corner to see who was waiting. No one was in sight except Jane and Ruth, also bound for room 319.

"Hello, girls. Wonder if Nancy has everything ready for us," whispered Helen. "Come on, let's go. Sh."

In spite of the creaking floor we succeeded in reaching Nancy's room without mishap. "Oh, girls, look here! Everything imaginable from sour pickles to angel food," said Ruth.

"Yes," interrupted Jane. "This certainly is a real spread. And tonight there's faculty meeting! Say, we certainly struck the right evening."

"U—m, the coffee smells good! Sit down on the floor and hold out your cups, and I'll have the honor of pouring the coffee," said Ruth.

Meanwhile we had each received a well-filled plate, and in less than no time we were doing ample justice to the chicken, pickles and other "goodies," none of us forgetting, of course, to do our share of talking, laughing and joking.

"These pickles aren't half bad, if I do say so myself," declared Nancy.

"You said it."

"Helen, what are you laughing about? Say—you give those pickles back. because you're so fond of them is no sign I can't have some too."

(Continued on page one hundred)

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Alumni

1881

Henry Baehr, deceased Christian Lehmann, Toledo, Ohio. Carl Fritz, Toledo, Ohio.

1882

Paulus List, Chicago, Ill. August Engelbrecht, president Wartburg Normal College, Waverly, Iowa.

1884

Ernst Merkle, Toledo, Ohio.
Julius Bredow, Orphans' Home, Waverly,
Iowa.
Fred Voight, Anchorville, Mich.
Henry Moehlmann, Madison, Wis.
Fred Heinlein, Winfield, La.
Henry Koenecke, Waterloo, Iowa.
Theodore Guetzlaff, Waverly, Iowa.

1886

Oscar Schubert, Madison, Wis. Wolfgang Semmelmann, deceased. Eduard Haecker, Hope, Idaho. Emil Lauf. Emil Felgner, Dubuque, Iowa. Henry Tadge.

1887

Herman Weber, Toledo, Ohio. Herman Gerber, Toledo, Ohio. Henry Martin, Gifford, Ill. Fred Meyer, Cedarburg, Wis. John Renken, Gifford, Ill.

1889

Daniel Schueren, Culver, Ind. Albert Schueren, Detroit, Mich. Wm. Drewelow, Dubuque, Iowa. Lorenz Boedecker, Chicago, Ill. Theodore Fickenscher, Toledo, Ohio. Carl Schneider, Toledo, Ohio.

1890

Walter Kroeger, Marion, Iowa. Frank Gosse, Toledo, Ohio. Herman Henning.

189

John Luebben, Buffalo, N. Y. Fred Schaefer, Madison, Wis. Carl Oelwein, Oelwein, Iowa. Herman Kornemann, Chicago, Ill.

1892

Wm. Nothnagel, Saginaw, Mich. Wm. Deutscher, Chicago, Ill. Henry Gruber, Detroit, Mich.

1893

Albert Marquardt, Cedarburg, Wis.

189

Osmald Hardwig, Principal Music Department, W. N. C., Waverly, Iowa.

1895

William Schark, Watertown, Wis. Bernard Gueldenhaar, Flanagan, Ill. Christian Krebs, Tripp, So. Dak. Otto Kraemer, Toledo, Ohio. Otto Riemenschnitter, Cole Camp, Mo.

1896

Robert Heiser, Avoca, Minn. Ferdinand Becker, Barney, No. Dak. Arthur Wuth, Denver, Colo.

1897

William Buehring, Chicago, Ill. Emil Brandenburg, Waverly, Iowa. Fred Wilharm, Sumner, Iowa.

1898

Frank Engelhardt, Capac, Mich. Gottfried Fritschell, Dubuque, Iowa. George Oldag, Luana, Iowa. Carl Wendt, Hosmer, So. Dak. John Stumme, Denver, Iowa. Carl Lembke, Albert Lea, Minn.

1899

Richard Bunge, deceased.
Ernest Oester, Detroit, Mich.
John Saebens, Wittenberg, Mo.
Albert Bahmeier, Denver, Colo.
Anna Bradenburg (Mrs. Schwake), Waterloo, Iowa.
Phillip Jungck, Rushville, Neb.
John Hattendorf, deceased.

1900

Paul Hahn, teacher.
Ludwig Jungck, Rushville, Neb.
Carl Liefield, Eureka, So. Dak.
Fred Wm. Lutz, Sheboygan, Wis.
Theodore Maier, Stanton, No. Dak.
Ludwig Timm, Warren, Penn.
Emil Zeilinger, Kansas City, Mo.
Fred Orth, Jesup, Iowa, deceased.
Emma Hertlein, (Mrs. J. G. Baumgaertner,) George, Iowa.

1901

Max Hetze, Menomonie, Mich.
Fred Rau, Holstein, Iowa.
Frank Becker, deceased.
Darwin Eggleson, Waverly, Iowa.
Emma Mussgang (Mrs. R. Taeuber),
Tripp, So. Dak.
Ernest Kerkman, Alta Vista, Iowa.

1902

Wm. Kayser, Parkston, So. Dak. Henry Mohl, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Emil Jesse, Waterloo, Iowa. Arthur Dersch. Henry Hauth, Hawkeye, Iowa. Lydia Ide, Monticello, Iowa.

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Eduard Hahn, Chicago, Ill. Eduard Hann, Chicago, Ill.
Henry Hannusch, Chicago, Ill.
David Harnagel, Pickrell, Neb.
Emmanuel Isaak. Cedarburg, Wis.
Roy Hermann, Waverly, Iowa.
Rudolph Brandenburg, Waverly, Iowa.
Walter Heyer, Sumner, Iowa.
John Landgrebe, deceased.
John Miller, Berlin, Neb.
Emil Reichert Denver, Colo. Emil Reichert, Denver, Colo. W. Westphal, Milwaukee, Wis. Wm. Knoll, Des Moines, Iowa.

1904

Carl Adix, Alden, Minn.
Eduard Blank, Webster, So. Dak.
Herman Koch, Denver, Colo.
Ernest Meyer, Webster, So. Dak.
Ray Goodspeed, Waverly, Iowa.
Seymour Goodspeed, Cerro de
Peru, S. A.
Hans Wulkow, Dubuque, Iowa.
Adelina Schulz, Kansas City, Mo.
Bertha Schulz (Mrs. Black), Kansa Pasco. Bertha Schulz (Mrs. Black), Kansas City, Mo. Amanda Sundermeier (Mrs. Fred Hill-

Fred Lambertus, Port Clinton. Ohio. August Studier, Waverly, Iowa. Fred Rewoldt, Frederika, Iowa. Emil C. Stumme, Readlyn, Iowa. Martin Wulkow, St. Paul, Minn.

man), deceased.

1906

Otto Heinecken, Husum, Schleswig-Holstein, Germany.

Henry Dilges, Fort Dodge, Iowa.
Alex Littig, Westgate, Iowa.
Carl Strottman, Waverly, Iowa.
Ben Messinger, Washington, D. C.
H. W. Schnadt, Sumner, Iowa.
O. Mall, pastor, Mason City, Iowa.

Albert Ide, Mannhaven, No. Dak. Fred Kuethe, Dubuque, Iowa. Christian Mahnke, Melrose Park, Ill. Christian Mahnke, Melrose Park, III.
Emil Bock, Dubuque, Iowa.
William Suedmeyer, Arapahoe, Neb.
Richard Bartel, Richford, Wis.
Werner Grossman, Nevada, Iowa.
Elmer Hartmann, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Christian Roeseler, Tripp, So. Dak.
Alwin Schaetzke, Richford, Wis.
Willie Wichner, Richford, Wis.
Lillian Cooke, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Mabel F. Knott. San Antonio, Texas. Mabel F. Knott, San Antonio, Texas.

William Greffenius, Ft. Collins, Colo. Marie Heist (Mrs. F. Bohlmann), Watertown, Wis. Jacob Bohrer, Mannhaven, No. Dak. Herman Imbrock, Twin Lakes, Minn. Erwin Jahr, Alvord, Iowa. Emma Berger, Elgin, Iowa, deceased. Emma Meier (Mrs. Hesse), Belgrade, Minn.

Hazel Beyer, Los Angeles, Calif. William Bockmeyer, Sheffield, Iowa. Tessie Donovan, Waverly, Iowa.
Anna Escher, Parkersburg, Iowa.
Elizabeth Hoebertz (Mrs. W. Topp), Westgate, Iowa. Emma Kasemeier, Knoxville, Iowa. Rudolph Meisenholder, Jackson, Miss. Richard Reinecke, Boyd, Iowa. Albert Sailer, Mannhaven, No. Dak. Albert Schuette, Loganville, Wis. Bertha Shepard. Leslie Strottmann, Waverly, Iowa. August Strumpell, deceased. Ewald Westedt, Rockford, Ill.

Fred C. Eckstein, Waverly, Iowa.
Emil Hetz, Cedarburg, Wis.
Fred Roesener, Austin, Texas.
Eduard Vetter, Golden Valley, No. Dak.
Henry Woelber, Rushville, Neb.
John Woerth, Menomonie, Wis.
Carl Hartmann, Waverly, Iowa.
Leola Goding, Topsham, Maine.
Wilbur Mass, Greene, Iowa.
Mamie Brechner, Waverly, Iowa.
Jennie Hastings, Waverly, Iowa.
Lenore Kaufmann (Mrs. Martin Koeberle Lenore Kaufmann (Mrs. Martin Koeberle), Sumner, Iowa.

1910

Traugott Deguisne, Dubuque, Iowa. John Gronewold, Buckley, Ill. Anna Barenthin (Mrs. Otto Pump), Le Porte City, Iowa. Emma Goppelt (Mrs. E. G. Heist), Waverly, Iowa. Hilda Kuethe (Mrs. S. Sandrock), Holstein, Iowa. Adele Woerth, Prairie du Sac, Wis. Reiner Benting, Toledo, Ohio. Carl Hankammer, Tripoli, Iowa. Fred Otto, Minneapolis, Minn. Sigmund Sandrock, Holstein, Iowa. Ludwig Bast, Hudson, Iowa. Ludwig Bast, Hudson, 10wa.
William Bolte, Andrew, Iowa.
George Meyer, Readlyn, Iowa.
Albert Schaefer, Tripp, So. Dak.
Amy Benson, Waverly, Iowa.
Mae Donovan, Waverly, Iowa.
Paul Fischer, Muscatine, Iowa.
Zella Hodges, Waverly, Iowa.
Flora Lemon (Mrs. Sam Norman), verly, Iowa. Ray Sewell, Waverly, Iowa. Ida Wehrmacher, Waverly, Iowa.

Ernest G. Heist, professor of Music, W. N. C.; Waverly, Iowa.
William Moesenthin, Virginia, Minn.
Paula Ackermann, St. Paul, Minn.
Ida Blumenthal, Jacksonville, Fla.
Louise Knappe (Mrs. A. C. Grossmann),
Warenty, Louis Waverly, Iowa.
Henry Moeller, Readlyn, Iowa.
Letta Schanewise, Waverly, Iowa.
Rudolph Kraushaar, Mobridge, So. Dak.

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1912

Gertrude Bischoff (Mrs. G. Landgrebe),
Elgin, No. Dak.
Caroline Muschick (Mrs. J. Nisson), Port
Clinton, Ohio.
Herman Timmcke, Loganville, Wis.
Otto Ackermann, St. Paul, Minn.
Martin Geiken, Toledo, Ohio.
Paul Mall, New Memphis, Ill.
Erwin Wuest, Adams, Ore.
Albert Begalske, Donnan Junction, Iowa.
Arthur Graf, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Esther Guetzlaff (Mrs. Emil Weyrauch),
Oregon, Ill.
Werner Mahnke, Toledo, Ohio.
Walter Rudloff, George, Iowa.
Harry Strumpel, Sumner, Iowa.
Elsie Oltrogge (Mrs. Henry Hoferer),
Tripoli, Iowa.

1012

Clara Gathmann, Treynor, Iowa.
Carl Lenz, registrar, W. N. C., Waverly, Iowa.
Emma Moehl, Thomasboro, Ill.
Erna Suttinger, Milwaukee. Wis.
Henry Brokering, Tipton, Kan.
William Burrack, Rosebud, No. Dak.
Goeke Goeken, Melvin, Iowa.
Edward Grosz, Dysart, Iowa.
Christoph Mardorf, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Ernest Schedtler, deceased.
Ewald Senst, Bancroft, So. Dak.
Weert Siefkes, George, Iowa.
Leopold Urlaub, George, Iowa.
Carl Vetter. Brooklyn, N. Y.
John Vorthmann, Treynor, Iowa.
Erwin Sailer, Mannhaven, No. Dak.
Herman Borcherding, New England, N. D.
Florence Dempsey, Waverly, Iowa.
Ernst Gehrke, Readlyn, Iowa.
Edwin Engelbrecht, Waverly, Iowa.
Raymond Grimm.
Lillian Kaufmann, Lakeland, Fla.
Elizabeth Nitardy, deceased.
Leo Pett, Milwaukee, Wis.
Marie Wegner, Blissfield, Mich.
Kurt H. Weltner, Sheffield, Iowa.
Elizabeth Baker (Mrs. Kurt Weltner),
Sheffield, Iowa.

1914

Elizabeth Becker (Mrs. Carter Carey),
Burlington, Colo.
Helen Becker (Mrs. A. Baetke), San Antonio, Texas.
Laura Grube, Blue Island, Ill.
Elvira Hoff, Millard, Neb.
John Drewelow, Fall Creek, Wis.
Martin Hafermann, Peru, Ill.
Fritz Ide, Sumner, Iowa.
Gerhart Melchert, Wyoming, Iowa.
Ludwig Nikolai, Harper, Texas.
Louis Sieck.
Olinda Riensche-Orth, Jesup, Iowa.
Ernestina Sailer-McClung, Sioux Falls,
So Dak.
Bernhard Bartels, Elma, Iowa.
Cornélius Blasberg, Peru, Ill.
Carrie Burmann-Hodges.

Myrta Eckstein-Boyer, Waterloo, Iowa. Elizabeth Harrer, Toledo, Ohio. Carl Hasbergen, Alpha, Minn. Edwin Herrboldt, Hosmer, So. Dak. Esther Huck-Niewohner. Waverly, Iowa. Emma Knuth-Grosz, Dysart, Iowa. John Kroger, Alvord, Iowa. Immanuel Pempeit, Detroit, Mich. Arnold Sandrock, Marion, Ohio. Gottlieb Walth, Hosmer, So. Dak.

191

Ida Goeken-Dannemann, Fulda, Minn.
Alma Martin-Wuest, Adams, Ore.
Elizabeth Mutschmann-Krueger, Somonauk, Ill.
Ida Pretsch-Williams, Portage, Wis.
Esther Schedtler, Boyden, Iowa.
Carl Eckhoff.
Waldemar Fliehler, Davenport, Iowa.
Henry Hafermann, West Burlington, Iowa.
Alfred Hoff, Millard, Neb.
Theodore Lenz, Hawkeye, Iowa.
William Lewinske, Elkport. Iowa.
Paul Weltner, Cedar Rapids, Neb.
Carl Bergmann, Spirit Lake, Iowa.
Alma Goppelt-Pipho, Sumner, Iowa.
Eduard Hanff, Andrew, Iowa.

1016

Frieda Kuethe-Brunhoefer, Chicago, Ill. Edward Maas, Parkston, So. Dak. Olivia Mix-Wiederaenders, Clinton, Icwa. Margarete Mussgang, Toledo, Ohio. Mary Pempeit, Peoria, Ill. Martin Pempeit, Detroit, Mich. Otto Pietz, Parkston, So. Dak. Conrad Becker, Eaton, Colo. Adolph Shimmick, Frederick, Wis. Lona Vullgraf, Farmersburg, Iowa. Adolph Wendt, deceased. Martha Wetterling-Vorthmann, Treynor, Iowa.

1917

Emma Groth-Hinrichs, Arlington, So. Dak.
Nellie Jacob, Mannhaven, No. Dak.
Paula Tecklenburg, Corsica, So. Dak.
Charles Weicher.
Hugo Beyer, Kimball, So. Dak.
Herman Haase, Shelby, So. Dak.
Fred Kumpf, Humboldt, So. Dak.
Fred Roloff.
Erwin Vosseler, Lorton, Neb.
Otto Wonn, Ohio, Ill.
Otto Bethke, Minneapolis, Minn.
Margaret Hammer, Lincoln, Neb.
Rose Hoppenworth, Waverly, Iowa.
Phillip Kohl, Waupun, Wis.
Rosalia Pape-Moehling, Strawberry Point, Iowa.
Adalena Strottmann-Shipp, Waverly, Iowa.

1918

Maria Baetke-Schultz, George, Iowa. Gottlieb Haag, Ft. Madison, Iowa. Ella Ojemann, Peoria, Ill. Herman Stumme, Waverly, Iowa. Augusta Topping, Minneapolis, Minn. Alfred Hardwig, Denver, Colo.

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Henry Grube, Toeterville, Iowa. Immanuel Mueller, Dubuque, Iowa. Hans Mueller, Wichita Falls, Texas. Grover Weber, Tonica, Ill. David Grosz, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Frieda Kehe, Waverly, Iowa. Clara Lenth, deceased.

1919

Magdalena Geissendoerfer-Diestler, Calif.
Anna Luken, Sioux City, Iowa.
Irene Keding, Sumner, Iowa.
Ella Kraushaar, Iowa City, Iowa.
Paula Meyer-Shimniok, Frederick, Wis.
Alma Mix, Eureka, So. Dak.
Bertha Rubenow-Barr, Chicago, Ill.
Viola Schmidt-Kruse, Boyden, Iowa.
Hilda Tribon-Schmidt, Dunkerton, Iowa.
Paul Bredow, Amboy, Ill.
Gertrude Engelke-Bredow, Amboy, Ill.
G. Heldke, Rice Lake, Wis.
Richard Martin, West Union, Iowa.
Irene Kegabine, Lost Nation, Iowa.
Herman Diers, Northwood, Iowa.
Fred Jungck, Covington, Okla.
Ernest Krueger, Ceylon, Minn.
Albert Weber, Plainview, Texas.
Ernst Gaede.
Rose Schmidt, Eustis, Neb.
Selma Hagemann-Klassy, Ft. Atkinson,
Wis.
Barbara Strempke, Waverly, Iowa.
Laura Theurer, Mendota, Ill.

Barbara Strempke, Waverly, Iowa. Laura Theurer, Mendota, Ill. Fred Studier, Waverly, Iowa. Gearge Becker, Long Beach, Calif. Esther Kohagen, Waverly, Iowa. Ernest Eisentraeger, Alvord, Iowa. Daniel Bleedorn, Alvord, Iowa.

1920

Charlotte Becker, Clinton, Iowa.
Alma Schoebel, Waverly, Iowa.
Luthilda Voss, New Guinea.
Hilda Bruntsch, Menno, So. Dak.
Frieda Voss, Carthage, Ill.
Henrietta Zimmermann, Waverly, Iowa.
Erwin Hardwig, Iowa City, Iowa.
Jeanette Keiner, Goose Lake, Iowa.
Walter Staehling, Iowa City, Iowa.
Beatrice Backhaus, Grinnell, Iowa.
Otto Kraushaar, Britt, Iowa.
Arnold Stumme, Readlyn, Iowa.
Karl Westenberger, Ames, Iowa.
Clarence Ager, Waupeton, Iowa.
Frieda Donath, Waverly, Iowa.
Paula Licht, Reedsburg, Wis.
Arthur Schlenker, Goodrich, No. Dak.
La Vera Baumgarten, Loganville, Wis.
Tolatto Johnson, Waverly, Iowa.
John Oltrogge, Waverly, Iowa.
John Oltrogge, Waverly, Iowa.
Louise M. Anhalt-Drexeler, Waverly, Iowa.
Luella Jennerjohn, Mason City, Iowa.
Cecelia Neve, Chicago, Ill.
Erna Bruntsch, Menno, So. Dak.
Elsie Beyer-Otteros, Dows, Iowa.
Elsie Lambertus, Parkston, So. Dak.
Margaret E. Reck, Milwaukee, Wis.
Lorentine Bruntsch, deceased.

1921

Hannah Andresen, Muscatine, Iowa. Martha Bosholm, Peoria, Ill. Emma Baetke, Chicago, Ill. Helen Donath, Waverly, Iowa. Marie Heitritter-Jantzen, Boyden, Iowa. Marie Heitritter-Jantzen, Boyden, 16
Meta Hummel-Siefkes, deceased.
Selma Klein, Minneapolis, Minn.
Olga Leutenegger, Muscatine, Iowa.
Anna Schedtler, Boyden, Iowa.
Henry Schroeder, Toledo, Ohio.
Margaret Allyn, Grinnell, Iowa.
Arthur Glienke, Alta Vista, Iowa.
Oscar Hoth, Iowa City, Iowa. Oscar Hoth, Iowa City, Iowa. Alma Hezel, Chicago, Ill. Olivia Hirsch, Chicago, Ill. Alfred Rausch, Iowa City, Iowa, Helen Saler, Chicago, Ill. Barbara Ward-Eggleston, Waverly, Iowa. Florence Gossmann, Eldorado, Iowa. Richard Trojan, Alpena, Mich. Albert Jungmeyer, Stanton, No. Dak. Leonard Schultz, Isabel, So. Dak. Emil Moser, Clinton, Iowa. Edmin Moser, Clinton, Iowa.

Edmund Mueller, Jackson, Minn.

Elsie Boedecker, Waverly. Iowa.

Delia Buehrer, Enderlin, No. Dak.

Alfred Deke, Plainfield, Iowa.

Harold Diekmann, Readlyn, Iowa.

Paul Drache, Meriden, Minn.

Elsie Commelie. Peacer, Dam. Wi Elsie Gammelin, Beaver Dam, Wis. Alice Barden, Davenport, Iowa. Henry Hunt, Owatonna, Minn. Hulda Kehe, Readlyn, Iowa. Otto Koetke, Correctionville, Iowa. Roeena Kruse, Correctionville, Iow Roeena Kruse, Loganville, Wis. May Liffring, Waverly, Iowa. Carrie Meyer, Monona, Iowa. Harriet Page, Waverly, Iowa. Laura Rausch, Waverly, Iowa. Mathilda Rieb, St. Francis, Kan. Henrietta Roloff. Roloff-Zimmerman, Indepen-Henrietta dence, Iowa. Hilda Schoof-Gruben, Waverly, Iowa. Theodore Steege, Sumner, Iowa. Otto Tesch, Mitchell, Iowa. Evert Thiele, Rockford, Iowa.

1922

Martha Meyer, Readlyn, Iowa.
Ursula Athenstaedt, Holland, Iowa.
Siegfried Becker, Waverly, Iowa.
Doralina Brandt, Waverly, Iowa.
Martin Bredow, Waverly, Iowa.
Almont Brost, Delmont, So. Dak.
Gertrude Eckheart, Arlington, Iowa.
Rosa Engelbrecht, Toledo, Ohio.
Ellen Fahrenholz, Milwaukee, Wis.
Augusta Matthias, Muscatine, Iowa.
Dora Meisgeier, Arlington, Iowa.
Hildegard Moehl, Waverly, Iowa.
Elsa Mueller, Irma, Iowa.
Alice Kruse, Sioux Falls, So. Dak.
Ida Lehr, Delmont, So. Dak.
Anna Nau, Parkston, So. Dak.
Raymond Stumme, Denver, Iowa.
Conrad Tauber, Tripp, So. Dak.
Anna Weber, Burton, Texas.
Heye Bruns, Dubuque, Iowa.
Elmer Doering, Dubuque, Iowa.

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Arthur Fabianske, Maywood, Ill.
Henry Hanselmann, Dubuque, Iowa.
Roland Hanselmann, Dubuque, Iowa.
Adolph Lechner, Columbus, Ohio.
Fred Lutz, Dubuque,Iowa.
Arthur Schultz, Dubuque, Iowa.
Arthur Schultz, Dubuque, Iowa.
Edward Zimmermann, Independence, Iowa.
Edward Zimmermann, Independence, Iowa.
Gottfried Herbener, Dubuque, Iowa.
Theophil Doering, Chicago, Ill.
Eva Garling, Waverly, Iowa.
Richard Gross, Eldorado, Iowa.
Nelda Henning, Farmersburg, Iowa.
Renetta Niemeyer, Waverly, Iowa.
Rosalinda Baker - Monagnan, Waverly,
Iowa.
Evelvn Beck. Bellevue. Iowa.

Evelyn Beck, Bellevue, Iowa.
Mabel Klemp, Readlyn, Iowa.
Leonard Pipho, Sumner, Iowa.
Martha Schoebel, Chicago, Ill.
Henry Schwerin, Flanagan, Ill.
Clarence Spier, Readlyn, Iowa.
Erna Wappler, Windsor, Colo.

1923

Dorothy Andresen, Watertown, Wis. Irene Reents, Altenburg, Mo. Marie Wiesender, Westgate, Iowa. William Adix, Waverly, Iowa. Gertrude Baermann, Cedar Falls, Iowa. Hildegard Baermann, Cedar Falls, Iowa. William H. Biemann, Denver, Iowa. Dena Bredow, Waverly, Iowa. Lora Brost, Delmont, So. Dak. Mathilda Engel, Cedar Falls, Iowa. Elizabeth Groth, Palmer, Iowa. Bertha Haferman, Benson, Ill. Vernon Hagemann, Des Moines, Iowa. Bernard Krueger, Kiester, Minn. Emil A. Krueger, Ceylon, Minn. Arthur Misterek, Mankato, Minn. Paul Moeller, Readlyn, Iowa. Anna Hobert, Charles City, Iowa. Elsie Ottersberg, Fairbank, Iowa. Ernest Stumme, Denver, Iowa. Elmer Braun, Dubuque, Iowa. Edward Roig, New York, N. Y.

Oscar Melchert, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Penn.
John Voelk, Dubuque, Iowa.
William Volkmann, Dubuque, Iowa.
William Koetke, Correctionville, Iowa.
Augusta Kroegers, Mason City, Iowa.
Arthur Matthias, Readlyn, Iowa.
Harvey Rodemeyer, Waverly, Iowa.
Walter Meier, Readlyn, Iowa.
Bernhard Wipplinger, Waterloo, Iowa.
Mabel Adams, deceased.
Vada Cross, Waverly, Iowa.
Mary Donohue, Waverly, Iowa.
Eleanor Eifert, Cedar Falls, Iowa.
Elizabeth Hanselmann, Bowdle, So. Dak.
Florence Snyder, Strawberry Point, Iowa.
Louise Christophel, Waverly, Iowa.

1924

Adeline Grimm, Earlville, Ill.
Margaret Meyer, Toledo, Ohio.
Lydia Adix, Sumner, Iowa.
Leo Benorden, LaPorte City, Iowa.
Stella Hoth, Westgate, Iowa.
Erna Moehl, Urbana. Ill.
Augusta Reyelts, Minneapolis, Minn.
Ella Block, Manson, Iowa.
Hedwig Matthias, Westgate, Iowa.
Ida Staehling, Iowa Falls, Iowa.
Gertrude Nolting, Waverly, Iowa.
Ishmael Deines.
George Dirks, Dubuque, Iowa.
William Domres, Dubuque, Iowa.
Carl Heller, Dubuque, Iowa.
Christian Kumpf, Dubuque, Iowa.
Christian Kumpf, Dubuque, Iowa.
Ernest Sommerfeldt, Dubuque, Iowa.
Fritz Voss, Dubuque, Iowa.
Ben Wiebke, Dubuque, Iowa.
John Winter, Dubuque, Iowa.
John Winter, Dubuque, Iowa.
John Winter, Dubuque, Iowa.
John Winter, Dubuque, Iowa.
Martin Bredow, Waverly, Iowa.
Florence Sack, Sumner, Iowa.
Mildred Sweet, Waverly, Iowa.
Phyllis Taylor, Chicago, Ill.
Eleanore Ziegler, Rockwell, Iowa.









Athenian Society



First row—Carl Boebel, William Adix, Reinhard Riensche, Arthur Koehler, Prof. Mortvedt, Werner Borcherding, John Dornbusch.

Second row—Emil Rausch, Walter Reinsch, Minnie Tschirley, Margaret Kehe, Edna Hutchinson, Albert Eilers, Ida Oberheu, Olga Henkel, Miss A. Neil.

Third row—Theodore Becker, Herbert Engelbrecht, Elda Westendorf, Alma Schiefelbein, Dorothy Korn, Gertrude Nolting, Carl Becker.

Officers

President Martin Bredow
Vice President Alma Schiefelbein
Secretary Margaret Kehe
Treasurer Jona Eggers

"People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after."—Goldsmith.

The Athenian Literary Society is an old organization in the Wartburg Normal College. It was reorganized last fall with a larger enrollment than ever before.

Each year the Athenian Society tries to accomplish a definite purpose, which is to give the members worthwhile programs and to encourage the talent and ability of the people on the programs.

Every member has a chance to act, play, speak, or sing before the society at some time during the year, and it is the duty of each to comply with this request for the

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Athenian Society



First row—Herman Pietz, Anna Peimann, Arthur Finkbeiner, Carl Baumgartner, Fred Reck, Erhard Glassnapp, William Doering, Martin Voelzke, Harold Lauer.

Second row-Viola Tiecke, Hulda Baermann, Henrietta Habbinga, Adolph Niewoehner, Ida Hehr, Minnie Grauerholz, Iona Eggers, Helen Reck, Vallie Tribon, Clara Herbst, Marie Reyelts.

Third row—Margaret Pierson, Carl Peters, Oswald Soell, Herbert Steege, Otto Rossbach, Emil Lang, Helen Schlicher, Conrad Rebelein, Rosa Kroeger.

Advisors:

Prof. R. Mortvedt Miss A. Neil

benefit of all concerned. It is the object of the critic to point out the weak and strong qualities of each number for the benefit of all members of the society as well as the individual.

Among the subjects for these entertaining and educational programs were music, patriotism, humor, science, lives of great men, magazine articles, holidays, and discussions by the Society. The Commercial Students presented a clever little farce "Per Telephone" at an open meeting, which was received with great appreciation by all.

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Concordia Society



First row—Benjamin Schultz, Frieda Kruse, Ernest Engel, Hilda Weiss, Herbert Meisgeier, Henry Foege, Leonard Mueller.

Second row—Frieda Meisgeier, Martin Voelzke, Richard Steege, Ignacia Oelwein, Helen Ottersberg, George Gundel.

Third row—Gertrude Matthias, Esther Eilts, Rosa Brauer, Marie Hundt, Paul Matthias, Dorothy Eilts, Erna Goes, Lottie Andrae, Frieda Ottersberg, Alma Bruggemann, John Janssen.

Officers

The sphere of our activity and interest is the field of German Literature. The scope and aim of our work is a more adequate comprehension and a fuller appreciation of the priceless gems and masterpieces produced in the German tongue.

Our members deliver speeches on current problems of the day. A very cardinal number of every program is the spirited singing of German folk-songs which have a permanent appeal to mankind, and which are designed to arouse the youth of our land to noble and heroic deeds, to a pure and godly life. Vocal solos, duets, and musical selections of every character always receive marked applause.

The charming lyrics and ballads, the fascinating odes and elegies are well memorized and declaimed with signal effect. Occasionally advanced members of the club essay to produce a playlet for the personal attainment of stage presence and experience. Especial emphasis is placed on the writing of short essays on current topics and events.

Last, but not least, we encourage parliamentary courtesy, correct and idiomatic conversation, and a spirit of mutual helpfulness and brotherly love.



A Chat With You

"Well, I've looked your Annual over and I'll admit it has its good points. In fact, I think it's very good, but, you know, I think there is room for improvement."

The staff member showed no surprise, nor did he harbor any such emotion within himself.

"Why, man, I don't doubt your word for a minute. The truth is, the same thought came to me once or twice."

The subscriber looked his astonishment. "Well, why in the world didn't you make the improvements if you saw the need for them? Too much trouble?" he suggested.

"We wouldn't have stopped for the time or work, I assure you," returned the S. M. (Staff Member), "but putting out an Annual requires a little more than just time or special effort (although goodness knows it takes enough of that). It does take a little bit of money," with a sarcastic inflection on the "little."

"Well, now, the money question ought not to bother. You have two good sources of income, subscriptions and ads; then you have a little in your treasury, and perhaps donations are not so rare as they are for church projects."

The S. M. smiled. "Oh yes, subscribers come to us begging us for an order of ten copies apiece, and as for the business men—well—we get letters from them every day, asking us for two-page ads, all of 'em. As to the donations—we finally had to set a limit to them, and after that we refused the surplus. Now, laying all jokes aside——."

"What!"

a.

"Yes, didn't you know I was joking? Oh my!" and the S. M. groaned over the prevailing ignorance of the public. "Why say, if it were as easy as all that, I'd go into the Annual business for the rest of my life. No, seriously now, the financial end is a terrible bugbear. First, there's the worry whether ends will meet. We have to keep within a certain limit or we have the dissatisfaction of a losing proposition. And then, just making ends meet, is not exactly our aim. You know, once in a while, one of the staff would come out with a perfectly wonderful idea; clever, artistic, original; we'd all cry out: "Wonderful! Beautiful! Exquisite!" Then we'd think the matter over for a few minutes, and some poor soul would ask the dreadful, exasperating question, "Do you think we can afford to put in this extra page?" More than one hope and plan of this kind has been blasted.

The subscriber looked slightly enlightened, "Well, who would have thought that!"
"Now about those improvements we possibly could afford; you know, when I glance the book over, I can see the need for them, and I believe I could suggest a few new points myself, but those things don't always come to a person at the right time.

"There's one great comfort for me, even if I do see the faults of the book. We honestly did our best by it. Yes, sir, we did our best, I'll say it myself, not to surpass any other Annual, but for the satisfaction that we got out of doing thoroughly a task that we undertook with a knowledge of the responsibility involved. And then there's training in it. The editor said she found that the hardest kind of work was to get other people to work—especially in this sort of a job."

"Yes, I believe you're right—the training is good. The project is small in comparison with many that are undertaken in the world, but success in such a one is the greatest encouragement for success in bigger ones. Really, you surprise me with your account. I had supposed that with an editor for each department, all the editor-in-chief had to do was to command that all sub-editors submit their work in complete, censored form. The editor-in-chief would then send the material to the printer and the printer would present the class with its finished product. But I see it's a little different. Well, well, there's certainly a little left in the world for every man to learn."

The S. M., having relieved himself of a few thoughts that he was anxious to communicate to someone, departed very much happier for knowing that he had made at least one soul wiser.

—Editor.

Annual Staff





Staff Names

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Anistant Desirem Management	Marie Beneke
Assistant Business Managers	Edward Sorgenfrei
Subscription Managers	Siegfried Siefkes .
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Activities Editors) Gertrude Nolting
Tentines Editors	Dick Babcock
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Class History	Paul Moeller Edna Hutchinson
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Boys' Athletic Editor	Paul Dettmer
Alumni	Fred Goetze
Ruino anno v	William
Treasurer	William Foege
Faculty Advisor	Prof A Guatzlaff

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Echo Staff





WARTBURG ECHO

Published monthly by the students of Wartburg Normal College at Waverly, Ia.

Entered at the Post Office at Waverly, Iowa, as second class matter.

The subscription price is seventy-five cents per year, payable in advance. Address all subscriptions and contributions to The Wartburg Echo. Advertising rates furnished on request.



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	Leo Benorden, '26
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	Prof. A. Guetzlaff
Faculty Advisors	Miss L. Thompson
	Miss Alma Neil

THE WARSA 1925

"In Walked Jimmy"



Cast of Characters

Jimmy, who walked in	Albert Borcherding
John Trellavan, owner of the "Cinderella Factory"	William Adix
Arnold Baker, his nephew	Carl Baumgartner
Hiram Higgins, his landlord	Lester Engelke
Josiah Bartlett, a creditor from Rochester	William Foege
Moses Graham, a creditor from Rochester.	Siegfried Siefkes
Bobbie Day, shipping clerk at the factory	Herbert Engelbrecht
Billie Blake, Kitty's brother	Henry Seehusen
Andy, negro at the factory	Herold Adix
Officer	Paul Moeller
Kitty Blake, bookkeeper at the factory	Erika Ermisch
Miss Rogers, the factory's forelady	Frieda Schmidt
Three factory girls, mail man, and express man.	1. 70

"Passing of the Third Floor Back"



Cast of Characters

Joey Wright-A Retired Bookmaker	Erhard Glassnapp
Christopher Penny-A Painter	
Major Tompkins-Retired	Arthur Finkbeiner
Mrs. Tompkins—His wife	Helen Schlicher
Vivian—His daughter	Alma Benedix
Jape Samuels-Of the city	Arnold Ihrig
Miss Kite—Unattached	Hilda Weiss
Harry Larkom-The Comedian	Oswald Soell
Mrs. Percival de Hooley-Cousin to Sir George Tweedle Bart	Frieda Meisgeier
Stasia—The Slavey	Violet Mether
Mrs. Sharpe—The Landlady	Minnie Tschirley
The Third Floor Back	Werner Borcherding



"In Walked Jimmy"

"In Walked Jimmy" was given by the Junior Class of '24 on April 25, 1924.

The plot of the play concerned a shoe manufacturer who was facing bankruptcy. His discouragement had communicated itself to the nervous secretary, the loquacious forewoman, Bobbie, the irritable shipping clerk, and the shuffling negro man-of-allwork. Even the shabby old office seemed dejected. When matters had reached a crisis and the owner was ready for suicide, Jimmy walked in from nowhere and demanded either a position or a job. Since both were refused, he created for himself the office of general manager, held off importune creditors, restored public confidence, and by his cheery optimism entirely changed the attitude of the owner and his associates. His success in saving the business and at the same time winning the love of Kitty, the secretary, aroused the ire of Mr. Trellevan's decorative nephew, Arnold. In revenge he tried to implicate Jimmy in a mysterious train robbery. For a time he seemed likely to succeed, since Jimmy could not clear himself without involving Kitty's worthless brother, whom he was shielding. But at last his innocence was established, and the play ended happily for all.

It is impossible to comment upon the merits of all the participants, or to find a star among them. Albert Borcherding and Erika Elmisch played well two difficult parts. The character of the broken and discouraged manufacturer who finally learned to smile was carefully interpreted by William Adix. Herbert Engelbrecht, as Bobbie, was a delightful chap in all his moods. The work of Carl Baumgartner, Frieda Schmidt, and Herold Adix furnished variety. The minor parts, also, were well played, and all showed the results of long and careful training by Miss Engel and Mr. Ermisch. Especially good stage settings and equipment added much to the success of the play.

"Passing of the Third Floor Back"

"Passing of the Third Floor Back" was given by the Junior Class of '25 on April 17, 1925.

The play was not of the sort usually chosen for presentation by a group of amateur players. It was of unusual depth of plot and was very difficult to give—even though the actors were artists of experience and ability. It was evident that the members of the cast and the directors of the play had expended a great deal of zealous effort in preparing the production. The cast was carefully chosen, and each one was perfectly sure of the lines and action of the part. The costuming and make-up were excellent. The story is one that contains a splendid lesson, depicting everyday life in a London lodging house before and after the coming of a roomer who occupied the "Third Floor Back," a most inconspicuous and undesirable quarter of the lodging house. By the influence of this stranger, a mysterious character, life in the house partook of the friendly and happy character of a home, where before there had been nothing but ugliness and selfishness.



"Why Don't You Think for Yourself, John?"

"I am public opinion. I judge all men. I judge you; stand or fall." These words, printed on large posters, together with the picture of a goddess with piercing eyes and pointing finger, were used during the World War in one of the liberty loan drives. I have chosen them for my subject.

. There is nothing that is more cowardly or more out of place than a desire to cater slavishly to the opinion of the public. What will the public think? What will they say? These are the questions that often arise in the mind of a person when about to do something or neglecting to do something which he knows everyone will find out. I remember very well, how, during the war, many persons bought liberty bonds, not because they were really patriotic, but rather because they feared people would find it out if they didn't buy.

1

It is that way in practically everything. People permit themselves to be swayed by the public mind. I know of one instance, personally, where a young man would gladly have gone to school; owing to the fact, however, that he was a little older than the average boy attending high school, he did not like to go. His reason, too, was that people at home would talk about it. My father used to say, whenever a question of what the people would say came up, "Let them talk; they won't talk a hundred years." This may be a rather harsh statement, but I think in most cases it is true. A man who is easily swayed by public opinion is not independent. One must learn to be independent of the criticism of others. An independent clause in a sentence may stand alone and have a meaning, but a dependent clause has no meaning in itself. So it is with people. A person who does only that which he thinks will cause no criticism or unpleasant comment is simply a dependent clause with no meaning whatsoever. In order to be independent he must break loose and think for himself; form an independent sentence with himself as the subject and what he thinks or intends to do as the predicate. Some people, in fact, are only adverbs.

Styles in clothing are another example of the influence of public opinion. Styles, as you know, change almost every year, and of course everyone feels in duty bound to follow suit. One of the present-day fads among women is bobbed hair. Now, I do not intend to criticize bobbed hair; it may be all right. I don't know. But if a girl or woman would rather keep her hair than have it bobbed, she should be admired for not letting public opinion cut it off for her.

Of course independence on the part of an individual may go to extremes. He may want to be so outstandingly different from every one else that he will not be able to agree with anyone but himself; such independence is only narrowness. I would call such a person, speaking in terms of English grammar, an interjection. One should not be so egoistic as to think that he is the only real person, but when a man feels confident that he is right, he should not be afraid to stand for his principles.

In many European countries the common people are not permitted to express their opinions freely; they are not allowed to stand for their own convictions. We Americans have the privilege of being free. Our Constitution grants us freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, and freedom of person; let us make use of these rights, and not become slaves to the gossip or the opinions of others.

R. A., '25.

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Christ the Teacher

Christ is the greatest and most influential teacher who ever lived. His coming, His influence gave rise to practically all schools centering about religious questions during the Middle Ages. Among them were the catechetical, catechumenal, cathedral and episcopal schools. Though it is almost two thousand years since He taught on earth, His influence permeates the entire world. Why was Christ's teaching of such great influence? It is because He was in every respect a model teacher. He gave us an example of model teaching in regard to the subject matter He presented, the method He used, His attitude toward His work, and by His character.

He was, first of all, a model teacher because of His remarkable scholarship. His knowledge was infallible. It is said of Him, "He taught us as one that had authority, not as one of the Scribes." Why was His store of knowledge so vast? Because His preparation was very thorough. At the age of twelve He ably discussed the Scriptures with the Scribes and Pharisees. During the next eighteen years His knowledge became ever deeper and more extensive. During that time He studied not only what was demanded of Him by His teachers, as do many students preparing for the teaching profession, but He studied because He loved to, because He valued His opportunity.

Christ realized what wonderful and important work it is to teach the plastic mind of a child, when He said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me." He was a great teacher because He had a knowledge of human psychology. In order to arouse the attention of the careless and to make abstract things concrete in the minds of His hearers, He taught in parables. He linked familiar objects with thoughts true and beautiful, thereby making wisdom and truth forcible and impressive. For concrete illustrations He used nature to a great extent. He loved nature. Much of His instruction was given as He walked along the lakes and rivers, the hills and valleys of Palestine. There is a simplicity and purity about lessons direct from nature that makes them of highest value. Too often the minds of students are occupied with the theories and speculations of men, to the exclusion of that which is the direct creation of God.

Christ had that desirable quality known as tact. Although He was exceedingly frank and rebuked the hypocrisy and wicked deeds of the Scribes and Pharisees, He clothed truth of so cutting a character in figurative language that had it been spoken in direct denunciation, they would not have believed His words so readily and would have ceased to give Him the respect for His teaching that they did. At the same time, however, He made truth so clear that there could be no doubt as to its meaning.

Christ took great interest in His work. He did not do it haphazardly nor did He work for pecuniary rewards. He was so absorbed in it that He could hardly stop when the Sabbath day was come. His heart and soul were in His work. It is that which makes the real teacher.

He had that requisite of a good teacher known as human sympathy. His disciples sometimes thought the Master should not be troubled so much, but in spite of His active life He was never too tired or too busy to help those in affliction. As one time when people had been coming and going to such an extent that He and His disciples had not even had time to eat, they went apart into a desert place to rest a while; but He was not to be left in peace. People came from many cities to hear Him. He, however, did not ignore them. He had compassion toward them, for they were as sheep not having a shepherd. He began to teach them many things. When night came and they were nowhere near a city, He was concerned about them because they had no food. He was considerate of their physical as well as of their spiritual negative.

He was a great teacher because His mind was cosmopolitan and versatile. He had a great variety of hearers: priests, rabbis, rulers, scribes, elders, and men of the world. By using a great number of different illustrations, He appealed to the interests



of all. Finally, Christ was a model teacher because He practiced what He preached. Indeed, no conscientious teacher desires to preach one thing and practice another, but we are only human and consequently have our shortcomings; Christ was infallible.

In the long list of the world's great educators China has its Confucius, Greece its philosophers, Rome Quintilian, Germany Froebel, and France Rousseau; but by far greater than these is Christ, the Master Teacher of all ages and of all nations.

I. M. K.

The Harbor Pilot

• While returning from one of my recent European trips, I had the pleasure of being introduced to one of the officers of the liner "Othella." The moment I met the old man I took a deep liking to him, for I always admire men who, though they are old and have lived a life of trial and adventure, still are alert, active and kind.

After a short chat the old gentleman asked me to spend an hour with him in his cabin. This invitation I very gladly accepted, not merely because of my liking for the man, but because I thought that from him I would get any amount of information about ships, sailors, and the sea.

My old friend led me to the upper deck near the stern, where he stopped, opened the door of his cabin and asked me to enter. The neatness of the small yet bright room impressed me at once. The furniture consisted of a broad upholstered bunk, a small library table, two chairs and a large, well-built bookcase filled with handsomely bound books by prominent American and English authors and other books pertaining mostly to naval affairs.

After we were comfortably seated I began questioning the officer about the speed, tonnage and size of our ship. All my inquiries, however, were answered with such short, broken sentences that I felt somewhat dissatisfied; hence I changed to questions about naval battles, typhoons, and icebergs, but with no better success. Finally I asked, "When shall we reach our destination, the New York harbor?"

At this question a marked change came over the old gentleman. The lines of his face deepened and a somewhat frightened look crept into his eyes. After a long silence he said, "Whenever we put into that harbor I think of the time many years ago that a harbor pilot—my friend—almost wrecked the passenger boat "Thibia."

I urged him to go into detail, and after a short pause he continued:

"The harbor pilot's name was John Stark. I knew him well. He came aboard the trainings ship with me, and we were together for some eight or ten years. We became fast friends and I thought he would stay with me, but instead he quit the floating business and went ashore. I knew nothing more of him until years afterwards when I chanced to overhear the conversation of several sailors in which the name John Stark was mentioned. Immediately I inquired as to the whereabouts of John, and was told that at the time he was married and lived near the harbor with his wife and son. The sailors also told me that John was working in the government harbor service and was trying to pass the tests as a harbor pilot. Two years later, when I was working on the liner "Lincoln," he came aboard as an official harbor pilot of the New York Harbor Commission and put us in snug and sound. After that I used to meet him several times a year, for he usually piloted our craft. As time went on he was often accompanied by his son Phil, who by this time was a lad of sixteen or so. . . . Well, it was in the spring of the year 1898 that the terrible thing happened to John. The sea was heavy and even the sheltered harbor was rough. We approached the harbor, waited outside and signalled for a pilot. Soon we saw the light pilot craft approach us. As the tug drew near, I saw that it was John and his son. I hailed him, but received no answer. Either he did not recognize me or did not care to, I don't know which, When the craft was near enough, the ladder was thrown over the rail, and

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after much delay the pilot and his son managed to grapple on. John slowly climbed the ladder to the deck, leaving Phil behind to keep the boat from being battered by the rough waters. My attention was at once drawn to John. How lifeless he seemed to be! What made him swagger to the bridge instead of walking at his usual lively pace? Something was wrong, I knew. Was he sick, or could he be drunk? In any case he was in no condition to pilot the ship. I ran and reported it to the second officer, but he merely laughed at me. Something must be done quickly or the entire ship would perhaps be a wreck. We were now going full speed into the harbor, while I stood there helpless. In my bewilderment I ran down to the deck and looked over the rail. There I beheld Phil scrambling up the ladder with set jaws and face pale with anger. In a second he reached the deck, scrambled over the rail, ran down the gang-way and mounted the bridge-hatch in two jumps. Before anyone could move, he had gripped his father and with one mighty thrust had thrown him to the floor. Seizing the wheel he turned it hard to the starboard, at the same time calling to the engineer, "Stop the machines forward and give 'er full speed to the reverse." The command was at once obeyed and the ship started backward with a tremor. When a safe depth was again reached, Phil ordered, "Hold that man till we put in." The captain himself obeyed this command and had John tied to the rail, where he lay cursing and threatening while Phil put us in snug and sound.

When we reached the shore, John was immediately put under arrest, for it was proved that he was intoxicated, and that at the time Phil took the wheel we were heading directly into the shallow, rocky harbor bottom which would surely have caused disaster to our good ship.

H. C. E.

Reminiscences of Dormitory Life

(Continued from page seventy-eight)

"Well, Helen, you surely have the giggles tonight," remarked Ruth.

"Don't you know a person ought to laugh while eating? If your life seems but a bubble, laugh it off; when it's stuffed with toil and trouble, do the same. If your lover's on a spree,—Sh! Do you hear those footsteps?"

Instead of laughing inside there was knocking on the outside. In a wink Jane was in the closet; in less than that time Ruth was on the fire escape, and Helen had scrambled under the bed, upsetting two tumblers of water and a jar of pickles. All was silent as death. A minute passed. Then came another forceful knock at the door and a voice said sternly, "Study hours, please."

Finally Helen ventured to peep out from her hiding place and whisper, "Is she gone?"

"Better wait until she is down the steps before we attempt to eat the dessert."

Ruth returned from the fire escape. "Say, but it's snappy out there. Got a red nose and stiff hands, and worse than that—someone has swiped the ice cream. Well, the cake is left—Oh shoot! there goes that old bell. Turn out the light before we have another scare."

Jane turned out the light. "Here, I'll light these candles. I think then we can see to eat our dessert."

With great caution we hastily finished the food and prepared to leave. "I guess we'll have to beat it now. We certainly enjoyed it all, Nancy."

"Ruth, open the door and see if the coast is clear," said Helen.

"Sure," replied Ruth. "Of course I will. You girls certainly are cowards. I'll take a little walk down the hall and then return."

She opened the door and softly stole down the hall. Suddenly she saw the preceptress standing before her. "What's the trouble, Ruth?" she asked.

"Oh-why-not much. I have a dreadful headache and I thought a little walk would perhaps do me good."

It didn't take Ruth long to get to her room. She stayed there, too, and we were left to find out for ourselves whether the coast was clear.

A. S., '21.

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The Ravin'

(With Apologies to E. A. Poe)

Once upon a morning dreary, while Miss Thompson, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious English theme did pore, While she graded—nearly bawling—suddenly she heard a calling As of someone loudly calling—calling from Third-Main Box-Floor.

"'Tis Sike Becker," she muttered, "calling from Third-Main Box-Floor.

Only him and no one more."

Back into those papers peeping, long she read there, felt like sleeping, Thinking, thinking thoughts the teachers all have dared to think before. But the silence then was broken, as she read about Hoboken, And the only word there spoken, was Miss Thompson's name "Lenore." This she heard, and an echo echoed back the word "Lenore,"

Only that, I hope no more.

Back into her papers looking, all her blood within her cooking, Soon again she heard a calling, somewhat louder than before. "Surely," said she, "surely, Sike would not call me Lenore!" Such an act from him I surely would deplore.

If he did, I simply must send him within the office door,

For his calling me "Lenore!"

In then came Sike Becker steaming, and Miss Thompson, scarcely beaming—Told him he must quickly find the office door.

Not the least objection made he; just a minute stopped and stayed he; Then with mien of patient suffering went within the office door Where, I know, he heard the ravin', for 'twas heard without the door.

Yes, it was a ravin'—and a little something more.

M. H.





Wasted Opportunities

Life is full of golden opportunities. The wasted opportunities which flow away into eternity are as plentiful as the rains of heaven. But what a waste! Why should it all be? An army of men and women are looking for these opportunities, "chances," as they are wont to call them. They are eager to be something worth while and to do something that will count in this world. When there are so many opportunities at large, does it not seem strange that their search should be fruitless? Not at all! You ask why it is that countless opportunities are steadily being pushed out of existence when there are so many, many people who are willing to harbor a piece of luck? Because man is unwilling to put forth the wisdom, courage, and determination to grasp and utilize his opportunity. It is true that man would never have emerged from barbarism had he not sought out and made use of the hidden resources of the land; but no one worked alone. Each man had the moral support of his fellow-men. The opportunities which are wasted are those which come to man individually.

The one opportunity—the really big chance—knocks at every man's door but once. When your chance comes, do as did the dying Garfield when told there was but one chance in a hundred for him to live; say with him, "I will take that chance." Of course there are exceptions to every rule. There are some men and women against whom the doors appear to be sealed, but they are very, very few. Nature takes care that no man gets morally, intellectually or spiritually rich by sitting still and letting things pour into his lap.

Looking over the wrecks of human lives that line the path of experience, we can readily see that the man who stands beside the highway of life, waiting for something which accident may throw his way will never be overtaken by success. The way to secure success is to walk resolutely on the pathway along which opportunity comes. He who waits wastes his life.

As a rule, the greatest opportunities come in unexpected moments and ways. No one will ever know when his opportunity will come. The only safety lies in keeping yourself in readiness.

"A thousand years a poor man watched
Beside the Gate of Paradise.
But while one little nap he snatched,
It opened and shut. Ah! Was he wise?"

Most of us have many more advantages than we have used. We have passed doors of opportunity, sometimes because we did not see them, but more often because we lacked the courage, wisdom and love of labor. Splendid opportunities are often traded for as much trash as can be grasped. Every year hundreds of young men and women are sent home from our colleges and universities. Before them have been the great possibilities of an education—behind them, mothers and fathers willing to furnish, at any sacrifice, the means by which their children may be given these opportunities. How many hearts are broken because some thoughtless boy or girl scorned the chance? There is an old German proverb which may well be applied here. "Luck meets the fool, but he seizes it not." Generally speaking, opportunities lost are lost forever. It is true that "Experience is a wise teacher," but it might be best to be guided by the experience of others.

Waiting for opportunity does not mean letting the world go by while you sit at home and idle away the hours with a magazine. It means putting into the present hours the most faithful kind of preparation, and dealing with the task in hand as it it were the work on which all the future depended. The young physician who means



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to become an authority does not idle away his time while waiting for patients; he makes himself ready by the hardest kind of study.

Chance lies chiefly in us, and we invite success, not by sending out invitations, but by making ourselves ready to entertain when it comes. It is a mistake to look for opportunity at a distance, for, like charity, it begins at home.

What Clay and Webster, Chase and Steward, Everett and Douglas could not accomplish, was done by a humble rail-splitter. The same opportunity came to them all. Lincoln seized it and held it; hence the slave is a free man today. Fortune knocked at Lincoln's door, and he did not keep her waiting.

"Diving and finding no pearls in the sea. Blame not the ocean, the fault lies in thee."

E. H., '25.

On Pleasure

Pleasure is so much sought after that it were wise to think on the Things that do give us the most Pleasure. We know that it is willed that we should be happy Creatures and to get much Pleasure from our daily Walk in Life. But it is likewise willed that our Pleasure be found in good Things, that we do not stain our Soul by partaking of the Pleasure that is not pleasing unto our God. For there is no real Pleasure in things that do harm us, such Pleasure being incomplete.

There is much Dissension among the People of this World as to the Question of Happiness. I do know of the small Boys of this Town who think that Kings and the People who abound in Riches are the happiest. But we well know that if all the small Boys were filled with Lollypops and were in Possession of many more Pennies, they would have no Happiness from more Lollypops. It is so with all of us. The more we have, the more we want, and it were no bad thing if only a little were given us, for then the Pleasure from the Things we have and the Things that are rare would be increased proportionately thereby.

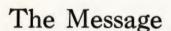
People do not seek their Happiness in ways that differ much. Some say they need no other than a Book, and their Happiness is complete. Even among Book-worms there is Dissension. Some do revel in the Ancient Classics and it is no harm to them, if the attitude with which they read is right, for the author Bacon says that reading maketh a full man; others do chew and digest such writing as is not more worthy than to be tasted. Still others in pursuit of Happiness travel much for Adventure, with no other seeming Purpose. Then there are those who live in Devotion to other People and have not a Care for either Books or Travel. So do people differ in their search for Pleasure. I must acknowledge that there is no wrong in any Occupation and our Occupation should be a certain Satisfaction of our Desire for Pleasure), if done in the right Spirit, and with Purpose in it. If this be done among the People of the World, we would be happy Mortals, for we would then be serving our God whose Design it is that we be His happy Children.

M. H.



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It was a cold day in September. The sky was covered with dense gray clouds which were racing across the heavens. A violent west wind shrieked through the swaying trees and lashed the river into angry foam.

The noon hour had struck when a stranger rode his horse into the tiny village of Oregon and halted in front of the general store. He was dressed in a rough gray suit and wore a large black hat pulled low over his eyes. His shabby coat collar was buttoned about his throat as though further to conceal his sun-burned face. Both rider and horse were covered with dust, and seemed nearly ready to drop from exhaustion.

In a few moments the village people had gathered about the stranger to seek what news he carried. But to their kindly questions and comments he made no answer. Silently his blood-shot eyes searched the faces of those about him. Then he straightened in his saddle.

"Bill Jones!" the name rang like a command.

A rough-looking villager stepped forward. Without a word the stranger handed him a letter, whirled his horse about, and departed as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come.

L.

The Tornado

It was a sultry July afternoon. A death-like calm had settled over the village and the surrounding country. An hour passed. Gradually the sun disappeared, the day grew dark, and a peculiar green light enveloped the scene, making everything appear ghastly and unreal. Far off in the distance a faint rumble could now and then be heard. The fowls sought their roosts, the little birds twittered restlessly, and all nature seemed hushed, aware of impending danger.

Presently the rumbling became more distinct and a deep roar could be heard, like that of a distart sea. Leaves began to tremble, then to shake, and soon the branches began to sway. Little puffs of dust rose here and there from the street. The ghastly light deepened. Then, out of the inky distance, a long white streak moved toward the village. As it drew nearer it lengthened, and stretched down to the very ground like the talons of a huge eagle grasping for its prey. With the approach of the funnel-shaped cloud, the roaring increased, and mighty gusts of wind shook the earth. All nature seemed suddenly to become a seething mass. The air was filled with flying boards and branches. Houses were crushed like eggshells and trees that had stood for generations were uprooted and tossed about like jack-straws. A demon in its fury, the wind shrieked and howled, almost drowning the cries of the terror-stricken and the groans of the injured. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the storm passed, leaving in its path destruction, horror, and death, mute evidence of the impotence of man against the mighty forces of nature.

C.







Music

Shall we proceed to be reminiscent and describe to you the musical activities at Wartburg in days of the past when it was considered an event for the chorus to be loaded in a carry-all and transported ten miles to a mission festival in a neighboring congregation, there to sing a few carols or chorals? Or shall we point out the musical fare available at concerts in those days when an itinerant artist appeared at the footlights to amaze the audience and thrill even the unmusical among them by playing "Home Sweet Home" in as many as eight variations? Even then there were among the Wartburgers those who wondered why Beethoven was not mentioned on the program, and as for Chopin or Bach, why it was absurd to think of them otherwise than to mention their names with reverence and, more likely, profound awe. Compare with that the status of music at our school at present. Theoretical, vocal, instrumental music taught as part of a course, and performance and expression fostered by appearance and practice in public. Mixed chorus, glee club for men's and women's voices, pupil recitals, orchestra; and for those not actively participating, opportunity to improve appreciation of good music effectively and artistically performed in the concerts which are part of the Lyceum Course sponsored by the college.

Since 1920, when Wartburg Auditorium was available, the Lyceum Ccurse has been our very own and has steadily improved in quality. Scan these numbers and you will agree they are some of the best: Chicago String Quartet; Howard Wells, pianist; Harold Proctor, tenor; Harriet Case, soprano; Ilse Niemack, violinist; Vera Poppe, cellist; Zoellner String Quartet; Maurice Drumsuil, pianist; Graham Marr, baritone; Jan Chiapusso, pianist; the Pasmore Trio; Bogumil Sykora, cellist; Irene Pavloska, soprano; Riccardo Martin, tenor; Ruth Ray, violinist; Raymond Koch, baritone!

Wartburg Auditorium has been home to all of these, some of them appearing twice. Music lovers in the school and the city have thus joined hands in supporting the course and enabling the college to provide handsomely for the wants of the community. Many an inspired thought has been born within those walls, and, let us hope, given rise to an inspiration. Not every community has the opportunity of enjoying programs such as were given here.

On the programs we find the following composers represented, taking them at random: Bach, Svendsen, MacDowell, Haydn, Bruch, Beethoven, Mozart, Rubinstein, Dvorak, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Leschetizky, Gounod, Verdi, Vieuxtemps, Schubert, Rachmaninoff, Grainger, Puccini, Saint-Laeus, Paganini, Brahms, Rameau, Glazounoff, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Debussy, Faure, Borodin, Respighi, Homer, Handel, Arensky, Glinke, Moussorgsky, Albeniz, Valentini, Rhene-Baton, Rarel, Gretchaninow, Hugo Wolf, Bizet, Richard Strauss, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Loewe, Lortzing, Gailhard, De Falle, Chadwick, Leoucarella, not to mention a score or more of the lesser lights.

Aside from the school functions, the first concert given was on October 10, 1920. The Lyceum Course has, therefore, at this writing completed its fifth consecutive season. All of these were artistically successful, and a decidedly beneficial influence for both the community and the college.



Wartburg Orchestra



PROF E. G. HEIST, Director

Oswald HardwigPresident	Paul LutzSecretary and Treasurer
Dena BredowVice President	Theodore BeckerLibrarian

First Violin—
Dena Bredow
Herbert Engelbrecht
Martin Bredow
Lester Engelke

Second Violin—
William Adix
Carl Baumgartner
Paul Moeller
Carl Boebel

Bass— Paul Lutz

Piano--Dorothy Korn

Piccolo— Theodore Becker

Clarinet— William Doerring Paul Meyer

Saxophone—
Siegfried Becker
Erhard Glassnapp

Cornet— Emanuel Fuchs Herold Adix

Trombone— Oswald Hardwig

Drums— Arthur Finkbeiner

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The Wartburg Orchestra

The Wartburg Orchestra was organized at the beginning of the school year and has been strengthened since that time by the addition of several new members. Ambition seems to have taken an upward swing with the increase in the number of members. The regular rehearsals have not been neglected, and have been made more attractive since a fine selection of new music has been added to the repertoire. Since the beginning of the school year this organization has been under the able leadership of Professor E. G. Heist, who has composed several pieces for the orchestra, among which are "The Storm" and "Meditation." Such selections as "Andante" from "Surprise Symphony" by Haydn, "My Grandfather's Clock," by Amsden, and the "Turkish March" from "Ruins of Athens" give our program a good variety.

The orchestral strains, however, were not always sweet and harmonious. Many Sunday afternoons were spent in practicing the Raymond Overture by Thomas and the Hunting Scene, but our work has not been in vain. The faculty decided that our organization was worthy of selecting as an advertising medium for the school, and a ten-day tour was planned to begin on April 29.

A Tale of an Orchestra Tourist

(Beginning April 29)

After a rather rough ride on the Sumner "Dinky," we arrived in Alta Vista for our first concert. Several of the students were at the station to see us off in Waverly. Those of the gentler sex were in the majority, which was quite natural, for the orchestra is made up mostly of males. The Messrs. Finkbeiner and Bredow found it hard to leave for such a long time, but the promise of a letter daily seemed to lighten their hearts.

In Alta Vista some of the members were so fortunate as to obtain lodgings in town; others had to seek greener pastures and went to the country; but all were well satisfied and took on weight the first day.

The concert in the evening was well attended and very successful. Every one did his best because we had gone out with the idea of putting our orchestra on the map.

In New Hampton Rev. Engelke did his share to make this town our best stop. In the afternoon we went to the high school, where, according to previous arrangement, we played a few numbers for advertisement. The assembly was crowded and the applause we received was most hearty.

The evening concert was better attended than any other we gave. The large, crowd made us a little nervous at first, but the confidence of our leader soon calmed us

In Monona, in order to relieve the suspense of several of the boys, the Rev. Daugs first distributed the mail. It did one good to see the happy smiles of the lucky fellows who had received letters from Wartburg Hall and places posterior—at least that's what Dizzy said. After allowing the fortunate ones to glance at their letters, the pastor assigned us to our lodging places. As the town was rather small, no one had more than a few blocks to walk, a fortunate circumstance, for it was already one o'clock, and carrying a heavy grip a long distance when you have had nothing to eat since seven o'clock is something that even a traveling orchestra has no liking for. Bill Doerring's father was at the station and took him and "Fink" to Bill's home in Luana, only four miles distant.

The people in Monona surely know how to build homes. The orchestra members decided to see if Monona really had so many beautiful homes. Erhard Glassnapp

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climbed the water tower and took a general view of the town. "Snap" says the town looked good, and we took his word for it, since none of us had the ambition to climb the tower after the big dinner we had consumed.

At three o'clock we had our usual rehearsal. Our concert in the evening was well attended; in fact when there was no more standing room, people climbed ladders and looked into the windows. This was all right until we played the "Surprise Symphony," when one man was suddenly frightened and fell from the ladder. However, he fell into the muddy street below and was unhurt. Aside from this, nothing unusual happened, except after the concert, when Lutz and Baumgartner strolled into the only cafe with two fair ones.

On Saturday morning we had a general field meet at the Reverend Daugs', where we played volley ball and horseshoe. Director Engelbrecht and Martin Bredow entered into a contest with two of the local throwers to uphold the name of Wartburg, and won the game by a neat margin.

Soon after dinner we all left for Luana.

After the usual ceremony of dealing out the lodging places, it was time for rehearsal. Following rehearsal we compared experiences and soon found that some of the boys had been very fortunate, especially Will Adix, who even now gets news from Luana.

The concert in the evening was very good. After the concert there was little to do but go to bed, except for some of the boys who had to write home and to North Linn street, apparently the most popular place in Waverly, judging by the number of letters sent to that address.

The next day was Sunday. As there was no concert until Monday evening, we decided to spend the day in Luana. The morning was spent in church. In the afternoon the local young people took us to McGregor to see the sights. We had an enjoyable time and the climb up the bluffs did all of us good. After supper we attended the weekly movies.

The next morning at nine we took the train for West Union. It was a rather slow affair, so Herb Engelbrecht got off and ran ahead a way to tease the engineer. For Herbert the result was quite amazing, because the train suddenly got up more speed than it had for at least ten years.

In West Union the Young People's Society furnished supper for the whole orchestra. Little else happened, except that several of the orchestra members who had borrowed a car learned how to change Ford tires.

In Arlington some of the boys seemed to be in heaven, to judge from their talk, but the next morning at the station we all got a look at the real reasons for liking Arlington. From Arlington we went to Hawkeye. It was there that even the best men of our orchestra yielded to temptation. The stop at Sumner, Martin's former home, was something to which all had looked forward. Now was our chance to find out whether Martin really knew as many girls as he said, or if he was just an ordinary liar. The question was never settled. He greeted enough girls, but they did not seem to recognize him.

In the afternoon the orchestra played a few numbers at the high school. Then came a short rehearsal, supper, and the last concert of this tour. The concert was well attended in spite of the rain, and people seemed to appreciate the music.

The members of the orchestra feel that the trip was of real benefit to them, and hope that they proved themselves worthy representatives of Wartburg. S. M. B.





Girls' Glee Club



First row-Frieda Kruse, Marie Hundt. Minnie Tschirley, Hertha Hardwig, Alma Albers, Irma Karsten, Marie Reyelts, Edna Hutchinson, Clara Gemahrlich.

Second row—Iona Eggers, Helen Schlicher, Louise Stave, Alma Benedix, Lucile Shepard, Olga Henkel, Alma Schiefelbein, Dorothy Korn, Viola Tiecke, Gertrude Matthias.

Third row—Erika Ermisch, Helen Reck, Ruth Woodruff, Frieda Meisgeier, Esther Ermisch, Hulda Baermann, Margaret Pierson, Lottie Andrae.

Fourth row—Henrietta Habbinga, Anna Peimann, Frieda Schmidt, Dena Bredow, Clara Herbst, Vallie Tribon.

In order to make the most of that wonderful musical instrument, the human voice, to cultivate a taste for good music, and to have a group of singers who can be called upon when occasion demands, Wartburg has its girls' glee club. Throughout the year the club has practiced once a week under the guidance of its student directors, Dena Bredow and Dorothy Korn, with Louise Stave as the regular accompanist. On Mondays Mr. Heyde has been present to direct and to put on the finishing touches.

During February the club gave its initial concert in Clarksville. In April joint concert by both clubs was presented in the College Auditorium. The people at homewere thus given an opportunity to judge the results of the year's work.

The members have enjoyed the opportunity for regular practice, and feel that from the many rehearsals under able supervision, they have derived much pleasure and profit.



Men's Glee Club



First row—William Becker, Siegfried Siefkes, Erhard Glassnapp, Edward Sorgenfrei, William Adix, Herbert Meisgeier, Lester Engelke, Emanuel Fuchs, Martin Schroeder, Leo Benorden, Oswald Soell.

Second row—Erich Dornbusch, Leonard Mueller, Herman Pietz, Henry Foege, Siegfried Becker, Ernest Engel, William Foege, Otto Meyer, Fred Heinicken, Benjamin Schultz, Albert Eilers, Arnold Ihrig.

Third row-Robert Ahrens. Theodore Becker, Fred Goetze, Mr. Heyde, Henry George, Robert Niederwimmer, Arthur Finkbeiner.

PROFESSOR MARTIN HEYDE, Director

Early in the fall the young men realized the necessity of having a few hours each week to refresh themselves and drive away their worries. Their desire was attained when they organized as the Men's Glee Club under the leadership of Mr. Martin Heyde, our vocal instructor. Throughout the year this club met twice a week, valuable assistance being given by Miss Erika Ermisch as piano accompanist.

Although this is a new organization, it has made good progress. Strenuous efforts have been put forth by the individual members and they have been working very diligently on various selections, sacred as well as secular, which they are now able to render with feeling and emotion. Grateful for the abilities and opportunities given them; they not only worked for their own pleasure, but also to dispel gloom from the souls of their fellow-students and many friends of Wartburg. To make their purpose more effective, this jolly group of singers gave a joint concert with the Girls' Glee with, on April 27, 1925.

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Chorus



Herold Adix William Adix Robert Ahrens Siegfried Becker Theodore Becker William Becker Alma Benedix Leo Benorden Carl Boebel Bertha Bohling Lilla Bohling Dena Bredow Erich Dornbusch Albert Eihlers Erika Ermisch Esther Ermisch Lester Engelke

Arthur Finkbeiner Henry Foege William Foege **Emanuel Fuchs** John Gemaehlich Fred Goetze George Gundel Marie Haefner Oswald Hardwig Ida Hehr Fred Heinecken Anna Hinrichs Elsie Hinrichs Marie Hundt Arnold Ihrig John Janssen August Klickmann Dorothy Korn William Luhring Harold Lauer Gertrude Matthias Frieda Meisgeier Herbert Meisgeier Paul Meyer Otto Mever Paul Moeller Alvin Mueller Leonard Mueller Robert Niederwimmer Helen Ottersberg Anna Peimann Emil Rausch George Rausch Conrad Rebelein

Marie Reyelts
Helen Schlicher
Frieda Schmidt
Siegfried Siefkes
Oswald Soell
Louise Stave
Herbert Steege
Richard Steege
Elizabeth Streng
Emil Thoms
Minnie Tschirler
Martin Voelzke
Hilda Weiss
Minnie Wiegert





On Athletics

(From a toast given at the All-Student Banquet, February 24)

All through the past years at Wartburg I have had one vision and many dreams. My vision has been that of a greater Wartburg. In order to have a greater Wartburg, we must have, among other things, better athletics. It is almost unnecessary for me to say that athletics plays a prominent part in putting a school on the map, proof of which may be seen in the fact that all of our largest and best schools excel in athletics. Why, even in the classic ages, feats of strength were known throughout the world. Just think for a moment how popular Atlas was, merely because he held up the world. Do you know how Atlas was able to perform this wonderful feat of strength and endurance? I heard the answer to this question just the other day. Two ladies were in a museum looking at the statue of Atlas supporting the world. One of them said: "My, but wasn't that Mr. Atlas strong to be able to hold up the world?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, "you know who held him up, don't you?"

"Why, no," said the first. "Well," was the reply, "his wife did."

And do you know, men, there's a lot of truth in that? That's one of the benefits coeducation brings to a school. And it's the support of enthusiasm and confidence from the side-lines that gives our men of strength the courage to endure in the athletic battles.

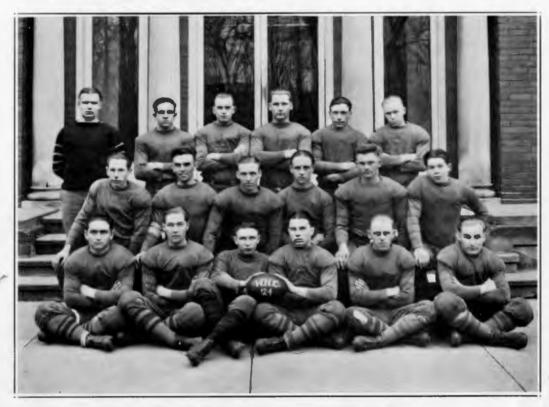
In the early days of Wartburg's career, athletics was only a side issue, baseball being its only feature. From morning till night, winter and summer, baseball was the only thing to practise and to talk about. In winter the boys used to play catch in the attic of the main building. Sometimes a missed ball would crash through a window and cause consternation among the players. However, the boys managed to live through the long winters, and in spring they usually had a team that soon gained prestige because of such men as Shauer, Tinney and others. In those days, basketball was still classed with basket socials and May-basket-hanging parties. Later these prejudices were forgotten, and now we have both basketball and football. Of course, with us, the last two are still in their infancy, but the possibilities for their future importance are evident to everyone.

Since cur past has been one of healthy growth in every respect, why shouldn't our future also be? In my visions I can clearly see not only a still larger gymnasium with swimming pools and complete equipment, but also a fine new administration building which houses a full-fledged, accredited college department. Students, this is no idle dream; this can and will be a reality if everyone of us will boost Wartburg, think Wartburg, talk Wartburg, and act Wartburg. Now all you Wartburg students and alumni,

Sing a song of Wartburg,
The school that's hard to beat.
In all the ways, through all the days
Let's make it quite complete.

S. M. B.

THE WARSA 1925



Top row: Schrump (Coach), Ihrig, Reck, George, Wolfgram, Stumme. Middle row: Carstensen, Heinecken, Dettmer, Reinsch, Roloff, Sager. Bottom row: Finkbeiner, Schroeder, Jacobi (Captain), Pietz, Meyer, Eilers.

Football

WARTBURG vs OELWEIN

The Wartburg football team opened its schedule on October 25, playing the Chicago, Great-Western School of Apprentices of Oelwein. Oelwein kicked off to Wartburg, but soon lost the ball on downs. In the last half Oelwein threatened to score several times, but was held for downs each time. Being lighter in weight, Wartburg was forced on defensive most of the time, and deserves praise for withstanding the consistent battering of Oelwein's backs.

WARTBURG vs OELWEIN

Wartburg's second game was played at Oelwein on November 11. Owing to the cold windy weather, there was much fumbling on both sides. Wartburg scored first by a well executed kick for a field goal. In the second half Oelwein made good several long passes, which netted them a touchdown. Since the last quarter was played in complete darkness, Wartburg was robbed of a chance for a touchdown.

WARTBURG vs CEDAR FALLS

The last game of the season was with Teachers' College, November 21, at Cedar

Although our men were outweighed, they were not out-fought. Only twice was wartburg team scored on, one touchdown resulting from a blocked punt, the other executing several long passes. Both were made in the first half. In the second a wartburg fought bravely and held the Cedar Falls team scoreless.

[Page One Hundred Fifteen]







ALF. W. SWENSEN, Director of Boys' Athletics

Prof. Alf. Swensen who has been Director of Athletics for the boys since 1921, was again coach of the basketball team. As heretofore he organized the boys into various teams, making vigorous and steady practice possible.

Any time between four and six one could hear the commanding voice of the coach and the shouting of the boys in the Gym. It was a steady grind from start to finish. Although we were not as victorious as we wished to be, the work has not been in vain.

With more experience, we hope for increasing strength and efficiency on the part of our team. Our coach must be given due credit for the time and effort he has spent in making the achievements of the season possible.





Basketball



Top row: Moeller, Doerring, Boebel.
Middle row: Swensen (Coach), Ihrig, Finkbeiner, W. Adix, Manager.
Bottom row: Benorden, Dettmer (Captain), Stumme.



Basketball

WARTBURG vs WATERLOO

With only two weeks of practice, Wartburg opened the 1925 basketball season on December 17 by going down to defeat before the strong quintet of Gates Business College. Our boys fought gamely, although from the start certain defeat was evident. At the end of the half Gates had a decided lead, the score being 29 to 7. In the third quarter our boys came back strong and it seemed for a time as though the game was not yet lost. However, Waterloo soon hit its stride again, counting regularly from the center of the floor, which they kept up to the end of the game. When the final whistle blew, the score board showed 41 to 9 in favor of Waterloo.

WARTBURG vs GATES

Wartburg met Gates for the second game of the season on January 21. Our boys had been working hard and from the beginning it was evident that there would be a real battle. At the end of the first quarter the score was 8 to 9 in Gates' favor. In the second quarter Gates again used their long shots, and at the end of the half the score was 15 to 9. In the second half both teams showed real fight. Gates, however, succeeded in finding the loop from a distance and the score stood 17 to 32 at the end of the game. Our boys had shown great improvement over their first appearance.

WARTBURG VS GRUNDY CENTER

On account of the Farm Bureau banquet given in the gymnasium, Wartburg went to Grundy Center for the game that was scheduled here. Wartburg's team was seriously crippled, owing to the fact that we were forced to leave two of our first team men here to play in the orchestra at the banquet. Wartburg out-classed Grundy Center in floor work, but we were unable to hit the loop. At the end of the first half the score stood 14 to 17 in Grundy Center's favor. Hard luck followed the boys throughout the second half and they were again defeated to the tune of 17 to 45.

WARTBURG vs WALDORF

Waldorf, a new team on Wartburg's schedule, came to Waverly on February 5 to play our team. Our boys had the same fighting spirit they had shown in the preceding games, and held Waldorf to a tie score the first quarter. In the second quarter Waldorf made good a couple of tries for the basket, and ended the half 4 to 15. At the beginning of the second half our boys came back strong and threatened Waldorf throughout the game. That they played an excellent game can be seen by the score of 15 to 25, Waldorf making most of its counters from a distance.

WARTBURG VS GRUNDY CENTER

Wartburg played an excellent game of basketball when they met and defeated Grundy Center here to the count of 35 to 9. Our boys showed real form and were never in danger after the first few minutes of play. Excellent passing together with accurate shooting gave them the commanding lead of 13 to 4 at the end of the half. When the final whistle blew, Wartburg had the long end of a score which read 35 to 9. This ended the basketball season. Although the boys won only one out of five panes played, they could by no means say the year was a failure, for they never lost hear. In spite of our many defeats, we had excellent support from the bleachers throughout the season.

[Page One Hundred Eighteen]

PAUL DETTMER, L. F. (Captain)

Dettmer, veteran and captain, may be said to have basketball as his chief sport. Dettmer has made his appearance on the floor four consecutive years. During this time he has developed an uncanny eye for the basket and proved to be a very elusive forward. Illness prevented him from playing until the close of the season.

LEO BENORDEN, R. F.

Benorden, a substitute of last year, flared up at the end of last year's basketball season and all knew Leo had an innate basketball ability. Benorden held down the berth at right forward in a very creditable manner the entire season. He showed up well on the floor and displayed a very classy brand of basketball at our season's close with Grundy Center here. We hope to see Leo display more of this caliber of basketball when he returns next year.

ARNOLD IHRIG, L. G.

Shorty, new member of the quint, manifested at once that he had a real desire to spell defeat for the opponents by preventing them from scoring. Shorty was very adept at breaking up dribbles, and when once broken up he would bring the hall down the floor just as efficaciously. Shorty's coming back next year.











ARTHUR FINKBEINER, R. G.

Finkbeiner, also a new member, manifested an ability to break up the opposing defense. Fink played a good game at guard, and was also a good man at offense. In the last game he sank several clean shots. We are looking forward to Fink's work next year.

WILLIAM DOERRING, C.

Bill, a new member of this year's quint, evidently spent some of his youthful moments jumping for plums, because as center Bill had nearly all of his men outreached and outjumped. Bill had a very good eye for the basket and occasionally he dropped in several clean shots. He is returning next year.

PAUL MOELLER, Forward

Paul came out regularly to assist as sub. and regular. He was a good team man, and the team could depend upon him. He showed up well in our season's close. Paul always manifested a good spirit and we are sorry to lose him this year.









MAGDALENE GUETZLAFF
Director of Girls' Athletics

Never before was the need for the promotion of physical fitness so thoroughly realized as today. Physical education, meaning the scientific training in physical health activities, is coming to be considered one of the essentials in the development of such fitness.

Realizing that same exercise gives not merely hard muscles, a strong heart, and sound digestion, but in addition a cleared brain, and a happy, healthy outlook on life, Wartburg has given physical training a definite place in its educational program.

M. K. G.





Gymnastics

The state assembly recently passed a law making it compulsory for all elementary and secondary schools and schools of higher learning under state control to offer at least fifty minutes of physical training each week for all pupils enrolled. Not all students approve of this measure. Some wish they had had lobbyists in Des Moines about the time this question was discussed, but since two of the first requisites for education are a sound body and a sound mind, the critics may finally agree that it is a sensible law, after all. Heretofore only two years of physical education were required at Wartburg. That excluded most students of the upper classes. Juniors and seniors are usually more heavily burdened with studies and other scholastic duties than the younger students, and the temptation for them to neglect physical training is greater.

We frequently hear the criticism that athletics occupies too much time and interest in the schools of today and that too much money is spent on gymnasiums. There is, without doubt, cause for some of this criticism. We must admit that great effort is often directed toward athletic contests with other schools, while comparatively little interest is shown in scholastic achievement. Both body and mind should have opportunity for training if one is to develop normally. The nation that neglects to offer such training is likely to suffer in the end. China never laid any stress on physical education. The chief aim of Chinese education has always been the training of the intellect, resulting in an unsymmetrical development of the individual. She has never been a great nation. The Greeks said, "Education is the harmonious development of all the powers of the individual." Their education was intellectual, moral and physical. The Greek boy's physical education began at the age of seven and continued throughout his school life. Greece was at one time the greatest nation of the world.

Physical fitness is necessary for happiness. It is indispensable for the fulfillment of one's mission in life. A mother in poor health can, as a rule, not do as much for her children as she would like. A teacher on whose nerves the humdrum of the schoolroom acts like a grindstone is not likely to be as successful as the one who is still fresh and vigorous after a strenuous day spent with bundles of human activity. A minister with failing health must leave undone many a kind act for which his profession gives opportunity.

Wartburg affords opportunity for the harmonious development of all the powers and capabilities of its students. After the entire faculty have labored from eight until four trying to effect changes in the intellect, emotions and will of the unplaned material before them, the physical directors attempt to get the physical apparatus under control. As soon as school opens, the girls begin floor work. Attention is devoted to two classes of calisthenics: those which promote physical development, strength, and vigor, such as setting-up exercises, marching and Indian-club swinging; and folk dancing which promotes grace and ease of the body. For exercise in the open air the girls play tennis and volley ball.

When outdoor activities cease, indoor volley ball, baseball and basketball take their place. As soon as the weather will permit, the tennis courts are put into proper condition. Thereafter they are seldom empty, for the tennis enthusiasts play early and late. For those whose tastes are not inclined in this direction, there is outdoor volley ball, baseball, time walking and distance walking. Time walking begins with a half-hour walk and is gradually increased to an hour and fifteen minutes. The distance walkers make it a point to visit each week some one of the villages lying near Waverly.

Yes, we have athletics to suit any tastes or needs, whether it be to exercise arm, both, the lower limbs, the trunk, or all at once.

[Page One Hundred Twenty-two]



Basketball



Frieda Schmidt (lg) Ruth Woodruff Louise Stave (jc) Miss Guetzlaff (coach) Anna Peimann (rf) Minnie Grauerholz Elsie Hinrichs (rc), Capt. Helen Reck Marie Beneke (rg) Gertrude Matthias (lf)

In the fall of '23 Miss Wimmer persuaded the faculty council to grant the girls' team permission to play games with other schools. She then proceeded to do what could be done with the raw material at hand. Although the girls did not win any games the first wear, the season may well have been called a success, for the girls were learning the rules, they were developing skill, agility and teamwork.

When Miss Guetzlaff came, she energetically continued the reforming process. At the close of the season, the girls had won a larger percentage of their games than the boys. They lost the first game of the season—Gates Business College of Waterloo defeating them by a score of 31-6. But when they went to Tripoli, they won a decisive victory over that high school. In the return game with Tripoli, Wartburg was again according by a score of 23-7.

[Page One Hundred Twenty-three]





Baseball



Back row: Niederwimmer, W. Dettmer, George, H. Adix, Moeller, H. Steege, P. Dettmer,
 Ihrig, Finkbeiner, Swensen (Coach).
 Front row: Stumme, Heinecken, Meyer (Captain), Benorden.

Due to the fine spring weather, the 1925 baseball season opened somewhat earlier than in the past years. The hopes of Wartburg fans seemed likely to be realized when they saw the fast work of the spring practice.

At the time of this account only two games have been played.

The season opened with the loss of Wartburg to a team representing Oelwein's Great Western shops. The Railroad men succeeded in crossing the plate fifteen to our eight times. The loss of the game was mostly due to errors.

The second game proved to be a victory for Wartburg against the strong Wise Motor Company team of Waterloo. The game was close and fast, ending with the score of 11 to 10.

With the boys showing better form we hope to win the remainder of our games.

SCHEDULE FOR 1925

April 25-Wartburg vs Oelwein Great Western R. R., at Waverly.

May 2-Wartburg vs. Wise Motor Company, at Waverly.

May 9-Wartburg vs Oelwein Great Western R. R., at Oelwein.

May 14-Wartburg vs Iowa State Teachers' College, at Cedar Falls.

May 16-Wartburg vs Wise Motor Company, at Waverly.

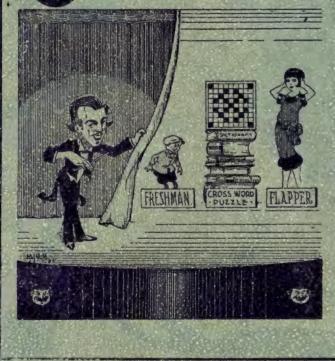
May 22-Wartburg vs Iowa State Teachers' College, at Waverly.

June 3-Wartburg vs Alumni, at Waverly.

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Editor's Foreword

I confess that some of these jokes are old, While some of them may be new, But when a clever joke is told, Don't be vexed if it is on you.

You know that we have to fill up space, A really good joke is hard to find, So please accept these with good grace; If your name is mentioned, please don't mind.

Wartburg Fairy Tales

One day someone offered Putch a stick of gum — — and she refused it!

Dottie got to school on time.

Director: "I wish the students would ask for more outflies."

Rosa Brauer: "I have no idea of the answer to that."

Students: "I wish the teachers would give us something to do."

All the girls were given permission to date.

Miss Crandall: "We'll have no lesson for tomorrow."

Lucile Shepard: "I'm feeling sad tonight."

Margaret Kehe came to school with her

Teachers: "We don't want to overwork

Frieda Schmidt: "Isn't our Physics lesson easy?"

Edna Hutchinson: "I was speechless."

Walter Dettmer: "This makes me think--"

John Gemaehlich: "Let's speed up, men."

Prof. Mortvedt: "Do you feel like writing today? It's up to you entirely."

Class: "Let's do!"

Who's Speaking?

"I don't want to pat myself on the back, but — — —"

"Hilda, dear — — "

"By ze vay — — "

"By hookey!"

"Oh, for crying out loud!"

"Oh, my stars!"

A: "Since I inherited that property, I've had three proposals."

B: "Oh, for the land's sake!"-Ex.

At Rexall's

Drug Clerk: "Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I gave you?"

"Spuds": "No. I tried for five hours but I couldn't hit a one."

Why Worry?

Two Irishmen were on a ship coming over to America. One night Mike awoke Pat and said, "Pat, get up quick; the ship is sinking."

Pat said, "What do we care? It's not ours."

[Page One Hundred Twenty-five]





Ida H.: "I wish Napoleon had been a Russian."

Marie R.: "What for?"

Ida H.: "Because that's what I put down on the exam paper."—Ex.

Carl to Clara: "Would you like to go to the game tonight?"

Clara: "Oh, I'd just love to!"

Carl: "Well, will you buy your ticket of me?"

"hey've dropped their ancher again."
"It serves them right. They've had it dangling over the side all the morning — —"

Marie H.: "I don't believe in parading my virtues."

Irma K.: "You couldn't. It takes quite a number to make a parade."

I saw a thing of greenish hue, I thought it was the grass, But when I nearer to it drew I found it was the Freshman Class.

Erhard: "I am going to play a solo tonight."

Finkbeiner: "With whom?"

Honest!

The reason why some people didn't attend the Class Play, "Passing of the Third Floor Back," is this: they figured they couldn't hear and see much on third floor back anyway, so what was the use!

Director: "Name five animals found in Alaska, Herbert."

Flashlight: "Let's see; 2 seals and 3 polar bears."

Fink: "I don't like any friend to domineer over me."

Heine: "Who's been doing that?"

Fink: "My roommate. He borrowed my dress-suit."

Heine: "I'll admit he's taking liberties." Fink: "I don't mind it, but when he asked for my umbrella, I told him I might want to use it myself. But he got it just the same."

Heine: "How?"

Fink: "He simply said, 'Have your own way; they re your clothes that I'm trying to keep from getting spoiled, not mine.'"

Oh, Mr. Swensen!

Oh chemist of skill, investigate— Answer this query of mine; I think I know what Carbonate— But where did Iodine?

Clara H.: "We're excused at 10 to hear the Inaugural Address."

Elda W.: "Who's going to give it?"

Helen Schlicher remarked one day that she thought travel broadens one.

"How was the baby show?"
"A howling success."

Gertrude M.: "How many are in the Quartette, Dorothy?"

Bertha B.: "This is Thursday. The daily newspaper comes out today!"

You ought to let Otto insure your Auto.

Anna Hinrichs,

[Page One Hundred Twenty-six]

Miss Neil: "That character is written incorrectly. It should be written with a hook."

Dick Babcock: "Well no wonder; I was writing it with a pen."

Horse: "Just been out to the cemetery."

Fink: "Anyone dead?"

Horse: "Yes, all of them."-Ex.

I: "I had a date with a professional mind-reader once."

You: "How did she enjoy her vacation?"
-Ex.

"It's the little things in life that tell," said the girl as she dragged her small brother from underneath the sofa.

Prof.: "This is the third time you have looked on Jones' paper."

Student: "Yes, sir, he doesn't write very plainly."

"Great men are always misunderstood."
"I wondered why none understood me."
Bill Adix.

Prof. M.: "John, what made Robert Burns famous?"

John J.: "His cigars."

Shorty thinks because he is from Nebraska, he has to wear a corn-husking pin,

Do you know what a mouse does most the time?"
"Naw!"

"That's it."

Think It Over

We editors may tug and toil Till our finger-tips are sore, But some poor fish is sure to say: "I've heard that joke before."

Just Like the Chinaman's Story

A: "Someone committed suicide by eating gold leaf. I don't see how that killed him. How did it?"

B: "I suppose that it was the consciousness of inward gilt."

Bill Becker: "Hello, Emil; what's the matter? Fallen off your bike?"

Emil: "No! I was trying to reach a top shelf by standing on some dictionaries, and they gave way."

Bill: "I see - words failed you."

M. Bredow: "Did you vote for me, Sike?"

Sike: "Sure. I was the one."

Bobby (to sportsman who has missed the rabbit six times in succession): "Here's my knife, sir. Creep up behind and stab him."

She could swing a six-pound dumb-bell, She could fence and she could box; She could row upon the river, She could clamber 'mong the rocks; She could golf from morn till evening, And play tennis all day long; But she couldn't help her mother 'Cause she wasn't very strong.

Prof. B. (in German): "John, was ist der Hauptsatz in dem Satz, 'Ich weisz nicht was soll es bedeuten'?"

John J.: "Ich weisz nicht." Prof. B.: "Recht."

[Page One Hundred Twenty-seven]

The state of the s

THE WAHSA 1925



The Random Shot

I shot an arrow into the air,
It flew in the distance, I knew not where,
Till a neighbor said that it killed his calf.
And I had to pay him six and a half.
I bought some poison to slay my rats,
And a neighbor swore it killed his cats;
And rather than argue across the fence,
I paid him four dollars and fifty cents,
One night I set sailing a toy balloon,
And hoped it would soar till it reached the

moon,

But the candle fell on the farmer's straw And he said I must settle, or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot—

It never hits in the proper spot;

And the joke you spring, that you think so smart,

May leave a wound in some fellow's heart."

Leo B.: "Do you use India ink?"
Paul L.: "No, I patronize home industries."

She (passing a confectioner's window): "Doesn't that candy look good?"

He: "Yes. Let's stand here and look at it for a while."

Two things that help you through school:

- 1. The faculty of working.
- 2. Working the faculty.

Prof. M. (in Civics): "What is a pound master?"

F. Goetze: "He is a man who pounds."

She may be old, wrinkled, and dirty, But you love her just the same— A twenty-dollar bilk.

Teacher: "Tommy, where is Mexico?"
Tommy: "On page ten of the geography, miss."

Who Said Friday Is Unlucky?

Washington and Shakespeare were born on Friday.

The Pilgrims landed on Friday.

The battle of Bunker Hill was on Friday. The battle of Waterloo was on Friday.

The Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday.

Robinson Crusoe had a man named Friday.

And even school lets out on Friday.

Hostess: "But why didn't you bring your wife?"

Professor: "Dear, dear! How careless of me—and I tied a knot in my handker-chief, too."

Prof. Swensen (in Physics class): "What is the difference between lightning and electricity?"

Herbie: "We have to pay for electricity."

"Is this airplane absolutely safe?" asked the prospective buyer.

"Safest on earth," grunted the maker, cryptically.

"Now, tell me, what is the opposite of misery?"

"Happiness!" said the class in unison.

"And sadness?" she asked.

"Gladness."

"And the opposite of woe?"

"Giddap!" shouted the enthusiastic class

'25: "How much is 12 times 14?"

'26: "168-Can't you do that?"

'25: "Certainly in time, but fools multiply rapidly."

X: "Why does a blush creep up a milden's cheek?"

Y: "Because if it went any faster," in would kick up too much dust."

[Page One Hundred Twenty-eight]

More Details Wanted

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a class of students at a business college.

"All my success in life, all my tremenduous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck. Just take that for your motto—pluck, pluck, pluck!"

He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked impressively:

"Yes, sir, but please tell us how and whom did you pluck?"

So Say We

One broiling August day an aged colored man who was pushing a barrow of bricks paused to dash the sweat from his dusky brow; then, looking toward the sun, he apostrophized it thus: "Fo' the land's sake, war wuz last Janooary!"

"When rain falls, does it ever rise again?" asked the professor of chemistry. "Yes, sir," replied the student.

"When?"

"Why, in dew time-..."

"That will do, you may sit down."

Two Irishmen, who, fancying that they knew each other, crossed the street to shake hands. On discovering their error:

"I beg your pardon!" cried the one.

"Oh, don't mention it," said the other. "It's a mutual mistake; you see, I thought it was you, and you thought it was me, and after all, it was neither of us!"

"What are you reading?" asked Leo.
"A tale of buried treasure," answered

Wasting your time on fiction?"
No. This is expert advice on how to

New Language

Mrs. Nouvear-Riche: "He's getting on so well at school! He learns French and Algebra. Now, Ronnie, say 'How d'ye do?' to the lady in algebra."

Practice vs Theoretical Knowledge

A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman:

"Do you understand philosophy?"

"No, never heard of it."

"Then one quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?"

"No."

"Then one-half of your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?"

"No."

"Then three-quarters of your life is gone."

But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman:

"Can you swim?"

"No."

"Then the whole of your life is gone."

Gundle: "I hear they have established a home for telephone operators."

Engel: "And what did they name it?"

Gundle: "Listen Inn."

Lauer: "What'd you get for your birthday, Herold?"

Reck: "Well, have you seen those new, long, racy Cadillacs?"

Lauer: "Yeah."

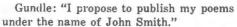
Reck: "Well, I got a pair of socks."

Professor: "Now, Herbert, I want you to do your own work."

Herbert L: "Were you afraid I'd do somebody else's work?"

[Page One Hundred Twenty-nine]





Candid Friend: "Well, I don't think that's playing the game."

Poet: "Why not?"

Candid Friend: "Just think of the thousands of innocent men who will be suspected."

Left Him Haughtily

In a certain village there were two men

named Brown. One lost his wife, and the other a boat at the same time. The vicar's wife called, as she supposed, on the bereaved Mr. Brown.

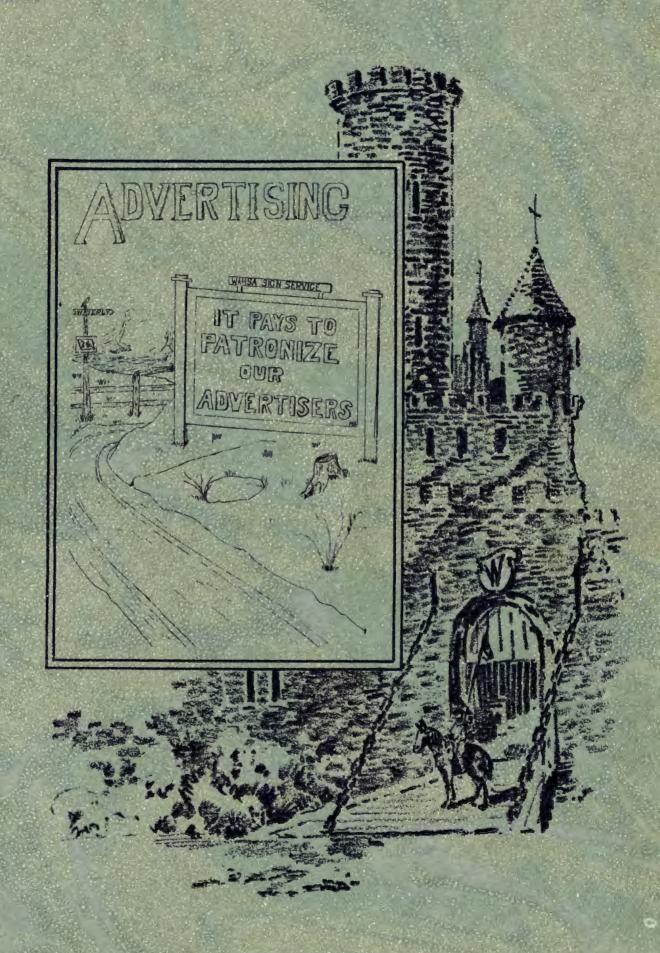
"I'm so sorry to hear of your great loss," she said sympathetically.

"Yes," replied Brown, "she was a rickety old thing. I offered her to my brother, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for some time."

Then the outraged lady fled.









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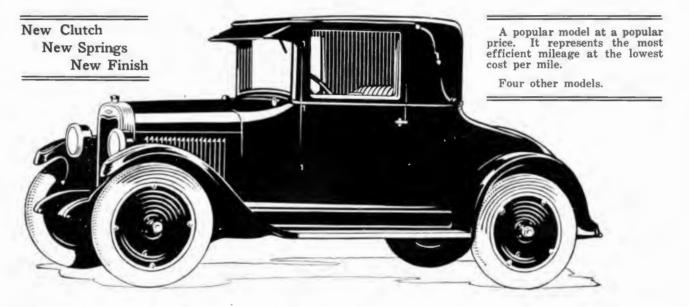
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Autographs



In Conclusion

Before we sign Finis to the last forms of the 1925 Wahsa, it behooves us to say a few words in regard to our work.

We entered upon this task with a sense of the responsibility involved. To do our duty towards our school by a fair representation of its past, present, and future; towards our class, who anticipated with pleasure the success of this book; towards our teachers, who have aimed in their instruction to train us for successful attempts; and towards ourselves, who have a part in preparing this Annual, by making the greatest and broadest application of our ability and training; these were our conscious responsibilities and privileges. We tried to fulfill this duty. If we have failed in our purpose, we have our aims, if not our results, to console us. If we have succeeded, there is distinct pleasure in having been given the opportunity to serve our school.

Obstacles that hindered us from executing well-planned ideas presented themselves at every turn. Yet it is useless to grieve over them. Success depends upon the use we make of our resources, rather than upon the number of resources we have on hand.

We expect criticism of all kinds. But our critics should in every case, bear in mind that the welfare of our school was our supreme purpose. We have endeavored to publish nothing that would be offensive to our readers and to eliminate all that was lacking in merit.

To those who have helped in the making of this book, we wish to extend the meed of heartfelt appreciation.

First to the Staff, who have shown willingness in doing their part of the work, we wish to express our sincere thanks, especially to those who have made contributions outside of their department. Students, alumni, and members of the faculty have willingly answered our call for contributions, particularly for the literary department. We are very grateful to them all.

Too much credit cannot be given to Professor Guetzlaff and Miss Crandall who have been burdened with the work of censoring, helpfully criticising, and correcting all the material, and who have made this book as free from errors and offenses as possible.

The following have also aided in making this book what it is: The Lavell photographers, whose promptness in serving us we would highly commend; the Waterloo Engraving Company, who have contributed suggestive ideas and excellent workmanship; the Waverly Publishing Company, whose work has given us great satisfaction.

The cooperation of the whole school has been ours. The typing work has been done by commercial students under Miss Neil's direction. Miss Kruger has offered many helpful suggestions. We greatly appreciate all the assistance and cooperation so willingly given us.

Finally, those who have made this Annual a financial possibility, among whom are the business men of Waverly, our subscribers, and the few givers of donations, our thanks and appreciation are due.

H.







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